

BRITANNIA and EVE

MARCH
1942



FERDINAND TUOHY
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F. MATANIA, R.I.

1/3

COMPLETE HOME AND FASHION SECTIONS



Cover Design

by Mold

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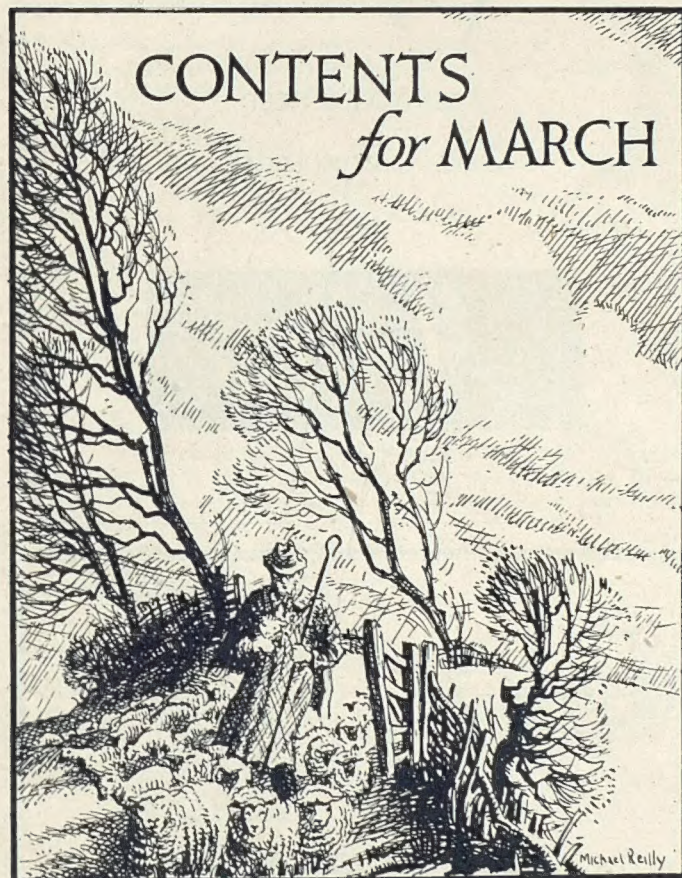
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All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, Number One New Oxford Street, W.C.1, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates and Subscription to "Britannia and Eve" will be found on page 68. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

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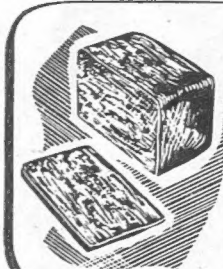
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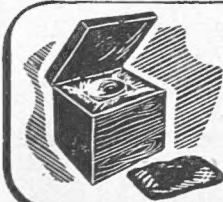
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Many of you are doing war work as well as running your homes; others, with children to care for, are without domestic help. You have to prepare nourishing, appetising meals in the least time. Well, here are some ideas to help you, and if you would like further details about hay-box cookery, or the re-heating of foods, or would like more corned beef recipes, do please write to us: *Ministry of Food, Room 610, London, W.1.*



Cooked Meats from your Butcher. Part of your meat ration may be corned beef, all ready cooked. Try it in a Farmhouse Pie, which is very quickly made. Prepare and chop finely 1 lb of mixed vegetables and cook them in a very little salted water in a closely covered pan until tender—about 10 minutes. Strain (saving the water), and mix with ½ lb corned beef, flaked with a fork. Put the mixture into a pie-dish and pour over the vegetable water, thickened with a little gravy powder. Season with a dash of pepper. Cover with a thick crust of mashed potato. Bake in a moderate oven until brown.



Let the Hay-box cook for you. Stews, soups, haricot beans, porridge or root vegetables will cook by themselves in a hay-box. Allow at least twice as long as for ordinary simmering. If necessary, food can be left to cook in the box all day or all night. The secret of success in hay-box cookery is to put the food into the box *boiling* hot and to "hot up" before serving.



Cook in advance. Have a main cooking day once or twice a week, and cook things to be served cold, or re-heated. Turnovers, with meat, vegetable, cheese, or sweet fillings are grand standbys and also make a change for packed meals. Cook enough carrots and potatoes to last two or three days so that they are ready to use in vegetable pies, fish cakes, potato cakes, or potato and carrot pancakes. Don't deliberately cook greens in advance. They lose so much health value when re-heated.

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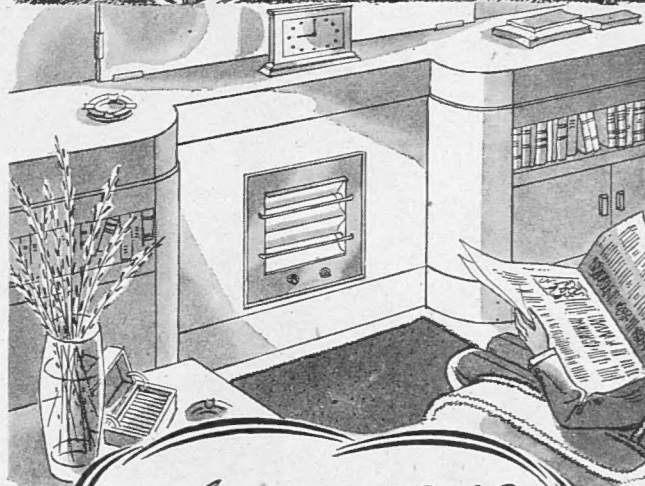
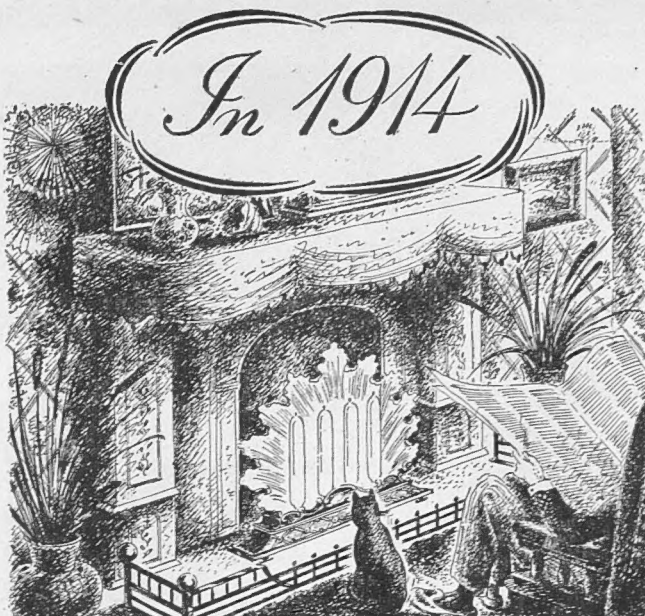
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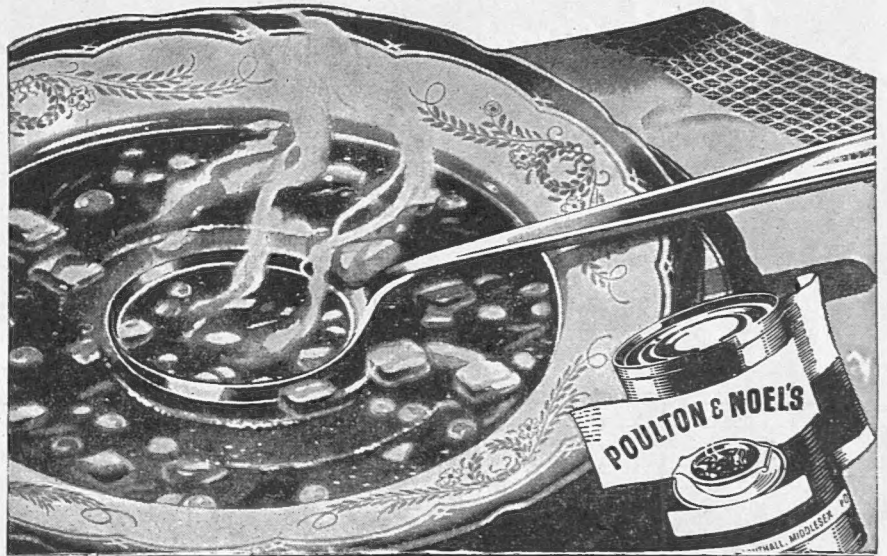
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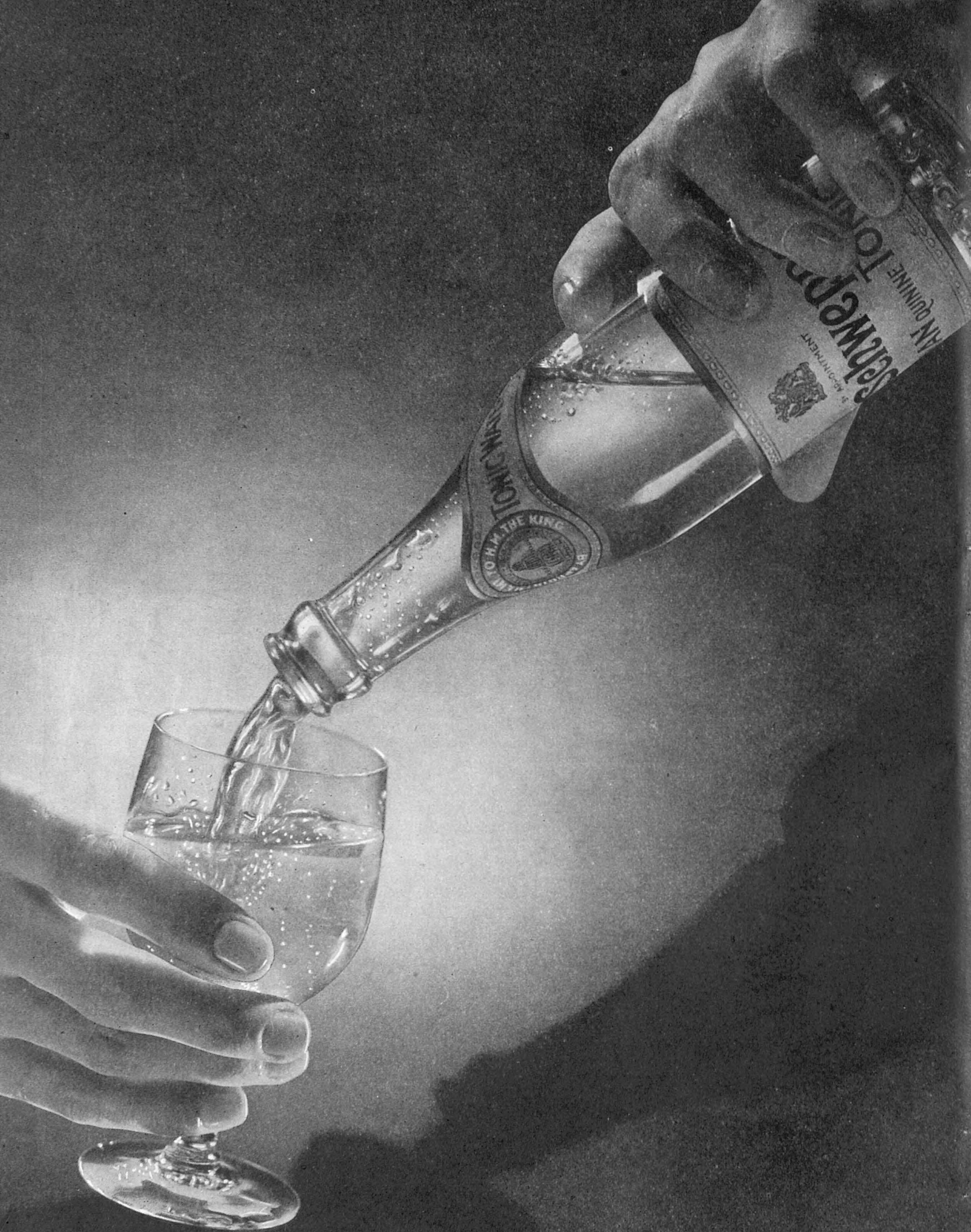
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THEY have a strangeness on them and some hidden strength, those who follow the outland trails; they serve a mistress never known to common men, and her call can be a most compelling thing. Sometimes a puff of heady wind across an open space, a sight of sunrise after heavy gales when the sea is green and shot with cobalt fire along the thin horizon lip. Sometimes it's nothing but the long-drawn snore of a homing ship prying the mist apart along a channel's way, its sound reaching faintly to a smoke-filled room where wanderers sit to drink and talk. One of them will lift his face to listen with his eyes apucker and his head ailt, suddenly knowing that call is meant for him. And knowing, too, that when that lady out there nods her head your way, you just get up and walk, that's all.

Maybe that's the way it was with Captain Harry Baintree, skipper and owner of the schooner *Pandoman*. It's more than likely by the tall, spare, solid look of him—though, of course, no one would ever ask a silly thing like that in the Eastern port of Menado on the northern coast of Celebes. That's where she sent him, that fickle little wench with sunshot sea-clouds in her hair, the loom of ocean water in her beckoning eyes. She sent another out there, too, in her slyly jesting way; a girl with russet hair and a figure men could dream about in the stillness of the middle watch. She played the violin in the dining-room of the Hôtel Continental on the southern river bank. That's where Captain Baintree first saw her, while taking Minahasa coffee and a tip of Holland gin liqueur with Willem Van der Proust, his friend the surgeon from over Government House.

She came in quietly with the fiddle in her hand, and the burghers stopped their babbling all at once so that the punkahs creaked and rustled clearly overhead. Harry didn't notice—he was telling Van der Proust, quite calmly, of rumours of merchant raiders loose about the Sea of Celebes with a Singapore destroyer or two out upon her hunt. He didn't believe any truck like that, he said. Proust made no reply, only pulling the grey tufts of his side-whiskers. Till suddenly Harry looked up, startled. And there she was, dressed in some filmy blue stuff with wild orchids at her breast. Then she started to play, going smilingly

from table to table. They were coffee planters in there, traders from the Java Sea, grizzled gutta-percha boomers, hard-fisted skippers from the Molukka schooner fleets. Their weather-beaten heads all turning to follow her. She looked so small, so slender and so straight, making lovely music in that outlandish place. Harry just sat and stared.

"Surprised? No?" Van der Proust chuckled. "She was with a troupe of players coming along from Makassar. Pallerson, the scoundrel who ran the show, skipped with all the cash. Left them high and dry. Most of them scattered after him in the Stroomen Kaap ship. One of 'em's dancing nautch in a sailor dive on the other bank. You know what that means. Not this girl. She wouldn't run away. Went to old Braunberg and told him she'd work out the guilders she owed if he'd give her half a chance. Well, he was pretty angry, but not what you'd call a fool. You see? The place is now jammed every night. Wait 'll you hear her play 'Till Eulenspiegel' to make the burghers dream about the Zuyder Zee! Hey? What do you say, Captain?"

For some moments Harry didn't say anything. It seemed to him she was looking straight at him, the way he was at her. The music, he was sure, came from her eyes and lips, not from the instrument at all. So he sat there, staring, while Doctor Proust kept mumbling on. "Her name is Althea; that's all about it anyone knows. She seems to be looking for someone or something out here in Celebes."

"Of course," Harry could murmur at last. "Aren't you?" And he stood up.

Proust chuckled again, not seeing the fellow who had come swaying in through the bar-room door. He was dressed in dirty whites and it was quite plain the music annoyed his drunkenness. He lurched past two tables, complaining thickly: "What kind music y'call that for sailor-men? Give us a chan-tay, sister. Liven up the dump!"

He swayed towards her. Harry strode quickly across, took him by the scruff of the neck and calmly tossed him out. It happened in an instant; the girl never lost a note. She just frowned, meaning to let him know she could care for all that sort of trouble that was in her way. The music bubbled and danced along to its end, a Chopin waltz. She

Salvage

A Romance of the Eastern Seas

By Jacland Marmur



Between her numbers she stood beside him on the wide veranda

smiled at all the applause, and when the Malay waiters started gliding across the floor she came up to Captain Baintree.

"I'm really grateful." She ought to talk as well as play, Harry was thinking, hearing her throaty contralto. "But you shouldn't do that. There's no need."

"I enjoyed it. The music, too," he added, grinning. "When do you play 'Till Eulenspiegel'? Doctor Proust's been telling me."

The surgeon was there by now, fleshy and jovial. "You mustn't be angry, Althea," he rumbled. "It's just Captain Baintree's uncouth way. We call him Salvage Harry. Any beachcomber or down-and-outer can find his feet in Harry's schooner, *Pandoman*. He does things for them a doctor never could. What do you show them, Captain, out there where you go? He's a good man to know, Althea."

The girl looked quickly up at Baintree's weather-beaten face. "Yes," she agreed with simplicity. "I expect."

"Ask him to tell you about the pestilential holes he goes to in his *Pandoman*. He makes the islands on the Line sound like a sight of heaven instead of tropical hell." Proust shook his large side-whiskered head sadly. "Why do you all come here?" he wanted to know. "What do you expect to find? Well, *au revoir*. I must look at a lovely fracture now. Bugis fellah bust his hip. Magnificent. Seen nothing like it before."

He hustled off, waving his hand. Althea and Harry smiled after him. And that night he told her what the doctor said he would. He told her what he'd found out about Spice Islands and the Boni Gulf and the islands in the north where the *Pandoman* often went. Between her numbers she stood beside him on the wide veranda of the Hôtel Continental. So how could he help speaking of things like that, with the heady scent of her nearness on him, the river burbling below, Chinese temple gongs across the flood, and moonlight on the roadstead out beyond where the trucks of his schooner rode gently to her moor? That's how it happened between Captain Harry Baintree and the girl called Althea who got stranded in Menado and had courage enough to stay.

All the way to Balikpapan, along the Java coasts, and through the Flores Sea, he remembered the shining look of her. When he got back, she was still there. He heard the singing of her violin again and saw her smiling at him with the light upon her russet hair. And when she was through she came to him at once, asking: "What? No drunks to toss out this time?"

He grinned. "I'll wait. Maybe I'll be lucky again." Well, luck's a funny thing. Harry found that out, one voyage just before he sailed. She was playing a Viennese waltz, her body swaying to the captivating rhythm. Harry had to smile. The men from the Residency were beginning to bring their ladies to sip chocolate in Braunberg's now. Shortly she'd make Braunberg's positively respectable! Then where would all the Island crackers go? Thinking that, he barely heard the bar-room door swing open. Till the man stopped close by, weaving on unsteady feet.

"Damn music reminds me of home," he was growling thickly. "Got no call playin' music like that where a bunch of crumby beachcombers can hear. Got to stop it."

He lurched against the table. Harry came slowly erect. "Come along," he said quietly.

He had hold of the fellow's elbow, urging him around. But the drunk shook him off, his eyes suddenly wild. "Althea!" he cried. "What's she——"

Captain Baintree was between him and Althea, his back to the girl. He heard a low buzz of indignation behind him. He didn't turn, just pressing the other before him. Till the fellow plunged with his fist. Harry was just in time to block it; and because there was nothing else to do, he let go with his left, catching the beachcomber just under the heart. It wasn't a bad blow. Just enough weight behind it to make a drunken man tractable. Then he caught the fellow under an elbow as he sagged, and started him through the bar-room door. He turned his head on his shoulder for an instant. He meant to reassure Althea, the way he had before. These things never bothered her: she just kept on with her music. But this time he heard her cry out a name. Wildly. It wasn't his own. "John!"

She was pale. The violin and bow had dropped to her sides. That was all Harry saw before the door swung closed. Out there the buzz of indignation swelled. By the time Baintree dropped his inert burden to a rattan chair, Althea came bursting in, Van der Proust and Braunberg



behind her. She rushed past him while Harry watched in amazement. She dropped to her knee and took that man's head in her hands.

"John! John!" she kept crying over and over.

"I've found you! I knew I would!" Then she was on her feet, her eyes blazing with anger as she faced the master of the *Pandoman*. "Why did you hit him? Can't you see he's——" She broke off, on the verge of hysteria, appealing to Doctor Proust. "Help him, Doctor! He's——"

"He'll be all right," the doctor murmured, "once the whisky washes out."

Captain Baintree felt a good many things come tumbling in ruins about his ears. "He means that much to you?" he asked bleakly.

"Why shouldn't he? Why do you suppose I came here?" Her lips were trembling. "Salvage Harry indeed! Why don't you get him on his feet instead of knocking him insensible? Is that——"

"Althea!" Braunberg was wringing his hands in abject desolation. "Can't you settle this quarrelling later? You will ruin my place! Althea, I beg of you!"

Somehow, he dragged her away. Harry knew that. He heard Braunberg's unctuous voice out there, fawning reassurance and apology, till like tremulous music coming to a ruined place he heard the sound of a violin again. There was bitterness in his eyes. When he turned to look down at the bleary-eyed man sprawled out in the chair, his voice was icy. "You're a sailor," he said flatly.

"What the hell do you care?"

"I don't. . . . What ticket?"

"Ticket?" The man in dirty drill stiffened. "Who told you——"

"I know. I've seen them before. I don't care how much red ink you got splashed on it. Or why. What is it? Mate?"

"Sure." He rubbed the stubble of beard on his chin. "John Aldrich, chief mate of the *Placenta* when she bust her back on the Duxbury Reef!" His voice was harsh. "Seven men drowned; I saw them. If I told you it wasn't my fault, you'd laugh like hell! Wouldn't you, now? You'd have some fun! If I told you the Old Man——" He broke off; staggered erect; turned for the rattan screen at the rear of the bar. "Let me out of here! I've messed up her life enough. I——"

"Some women stick," Harry Baintree cut in grimly, "and others don't. Althea's one of the kind who does. I'm master of the schooner *Pandoman*. We sail in half an hour. You want a job?"

"Job?" John Aldrich spun on his heel. "You'd give me a berth?"

"Second mate. For her. Not you." Harry turned towards Doctor Proust, who just stood there with his large eyes astare. "You tell her, Doctor," he said softly, "I'll bring him back on his feet—or on a plank."

Proust knew Harry never carried a second. The *Pandoman* was manned by Malays, officered by two whites: first mate Mr. Larch and Baintree, the serang standing the master's watch when the weather was clear and fine. So the surgeon wanted to say something, knowing how Harry felt, knowing

what Althea meant to him. But he couldn't. He didn't know the right words. He just nodded while Captain Baintree hooked Aldrich under the elbow, steering him out the rear door. Proust heard the crunch of rickshaw wheels before he turned away, mournfully shaking his head. The last note of Althea's violin reached him. Like a thin echo of tinkling bells. And two billiard-balls from the table in Braunberg's parlour for shipmasters clicked loudly together with a fatal sound of finality.

So Captain Harry Baintree took the *Pandoman* to sea with John Aldrich for a second mate. She went poking through the islands, picking up her exotic cargoes in the jungled little ports.

John Aldrich lounged through his watches on the poop, smoking innumerable brown cigarettes. Mr. Larch was plainly scornful. "No good," the mate told his skipper with certainty. "The sap's washed out of him. If you'll forgive me, sir," he growled, "I don't for the life of me see why you bring these broken-down beachcombers into the ship at all. Ain't we got troubles enough?"

He stumped off, angry. Captain Baintree couldn't blame him. Aldrich was just dead weight. The red ink on his ticket fouled his blood. Harry began to wonder if he'd ever get it clean. That fellow with the slack jaw and the blank stare wasn't worth a girl like Althea. But some women were funny that way: they had a rule of values men couldn't

understand. Meanwhile, the *Pandoman*, working north, coasted Palawan before she started running south again across the Sulu Sea. The wind was foul for Sibutu Passage. But with the brilliant green islands over the stern there was a free run before the wind the Malays called *barat*. Who would think of trouble in a place like that? The ship ran easily with a quartering breeze, topsails set. And that's when it happened, towards dawn of a brilliant starry night with the serang and Aldrich keeping the deck.

Harry fell asleep with the sound of a fair wind keening aloft. It was the last thing he remembered before hell broke loose on board the *Pandoman*. The explosion was violent. It rocked the ship as if her whole forward end had blasted clear of the sea. It brought Harry tearing up the companion. When he reached the poop he saw ruin all around, while the ocean heaved and gave no sign. The ship was

Illustrated by Edward Osmond



"He'll be all right," the doctor murmured, "once the whisky washes out."



settling already by the bows. He saw the foremast rocking drunkenly, split canvas slatting, before it went over with a rending crash, dragging main top-hamper with it. The deck tipped crazily, planking ripped and jagged. The helmsman was spinning the wheel madly. There was a terrified shouting from forward, men racing aft in panic, and John Aldrich, standing by the taffrail with his eyes wild and staring.

"I tell you there was nothing!" he shrieked. "Nothing to see! Then a black thing in the water, like a floating log. I put the helm over, but it struck. Who knew what it was? It struck us on the bows and the whole ship went! I——"

"Shut up!" Wild things raced through Baintree's mind. Rumours of ocean raiders, a loose mine, a spent torpedo: terrors like that were afloat in the sea these days. He started across the deck. Over his head the main gaff

The second mate swayed erect, flame-eyed, fists clenched, fury consuming him. "You filthy swine!" he roared

cracked with a splitting roar. Something struck him, flung him to his knee. When he staggered to his feet his left thigh was sticky. A stab of pain seared his side like flame when he moved. But he had no time for it. Mustn't let it blur his mind. He thought that clearly before he caught the rail and hung there, panting a little for control. Whatever it was, the ship was doomed. There was no mistaking the *Pandoman's* sodden motion in the trough. "Where's the mate? Quickly! The quarter-boat! Hook on! All hands aft here!"

He hung there. Mustn't move, he thought. If he did, agony would drown him. Where was Mr. Larch? How many had that blast killed? And what was it? Who knew these days? All this

raced past the back of his brain while he snapped orders in a quiet, self-possessed tone, as if the sheets of pain weren't slashing at him like many knives in an open wound. "Water beaker! Biscuit tin! Get them out of the other boat in here! Lively, Mr. Aldrich!"

"The other boat's smashed! This one's all——"

That much he heard. It couldn't be helped. No time. The ship lurched heavily under his feet, the deck more steeply afloat. Baintree hung on, commanding the launch. He could remember it with no clarity at all. But he must have managed it. Because he found himself afloat in the quarter-boat, Aldrich beside him in the sternsheets, six Malay men on the thwarts. Mr. Larch was gone. So was the serang, the carpenter, and four others. These were all who survived. He looked up. The *Pandoman* wallowed, lifting her stern while he watched, sliding under bow on (Continued on page 51)

The flying boat Bristol, sister ship of the Berwick in which the Prime Minister returned to England from his visit to America, at Baltimore, her base in the United States and to which she now makes regular crossings of the Atlantic for British Overseas Airways



This Time *the* AIR AGE

By Ferdinand Tuohy

We were rather surprised that such a thing could happen at this time of day.

Well, the point is that this heretofore effort is going to be eclipsed by the Grand Liaison of 1942, a brand of flying by which, incidentally, the United Nations stand to gain far more than their centralised enemies who haven't the same "feel" of the world behind and about them. So far Hon. Kurusu on his treachery-flight to Washington, just before Pearl Harbour, has been the only Axis dignitary to span an ocean and a continent. Maybe we shall now see some Nazi-Jap flying across great distances; yet one doubts it, if only for the mystifying misfortunes that have befallen machines carrying Fascist personages. It began in Spain with Mola, and maybe with Sanjurjo before him.

Not that this priority flying across a world at war can be taken lightly by any one. It is a big job necessitating minute preparation and care, with every flight a gamble none the less. (Take the accidental shooting up of Beaverbrook by Red Star ack-ack near Moscow; or Eden's running out of petrol in a storm on the way to Gibraltar.) That Heinkels and their like haven't taken a toll of our special machines has not been for want of trying. The ways and means of these flights are held secret, how enemy attentions are dodged by sealed orders to captains, by zigzags and feints and high flying. British Overseas Airways operate several services which are never mentioned publicly. Other mainstays of this (Continued on page 52)

Hon. Leslie Runciman, Director-General, British Overseas Airways, at Rangoon on his recent tour of the Corporation Empire air routes

General de Gaulle, leader of Free French, boarding a British Overseas Airways' air liner in Central Africa



Contrast this Handley-Page W.8B with the Boeing Flying Boat above. This was one of Imperial Airways' first air liners, 1924. It had a crew of two with accommodation for fourteen passengers

THE present year will bring a great advance in air travel even in the midst of world wartime. This is bound to happen as a result of the setting up of controlling organisms and commands by the United Nations, more particularly Britain, Russia, the United States, the Netherlands, the Dominions and China, which could hardly aspire to be united in a truly workable manner but for air transport. Spanning the five continents and the seven seas will be a constant flow of personages connected with the conduct of events: war leaders and planners, ministers and service chiefs, diplomats, special envoys and couriers, experts, propagandists and privileged eye-witnesses like newspaper and newsreel men. They will be competing most of the time for "first priority" passages when they are not being crammed into bombers, but if the immediate past may serve as a criterion, they will fetch up safely in 95 per cent of cases. The 3,300 miles Churchill flight from Bermuda points the way.

For of course this class of traffic already existed through 1940 and 1941 during which years several hundred flights must have been made that were directly linked with the conduct of the war. Wavell, Beaverbrook, Eden, Menzies, Frazer, Harriman, Hopkins, Wilkie, Winant, de Gaulle, Sikorski, Duff Cooper, Litvinov, are just a few of the high-light names coming most readily to mind. Contacts of the greatest importance were rendered possible which otherwise would either never have occurred or have been so postponed as greatly to diminish their value. And how much more can be encompassed by an hour's face to face than by cabling and memoranda and even long-distance calls! The measure in which we had come to take these flights for granted—even over enemy territory or in the foulest conditions—was well shown when the plane carrying Litvinov and Walter Monckton was missing in the Caucasus.

Hitler—Last Chapter?

BACK along the roads from the great Russian cities on the Moscow line staggers the Nazi Wehrmacht. Two implacable enemies harry its retreat: the infuriated Russians, and arctic cold. It drops its wounded as it goes, tanks and trucks, guns, men, and the snow impartially weaves a white grave pall over all.

Eighty miles back, in a forest clearing beyond Smolensk, a neat mobile village of huts nestles, mothered by an armoured train under camouflage nets in an adjacent siding, heated and lighted by electricity flowing through cables from generator trucks. In this field headquarters dwells, momentarily, the brain and will of the retreating Germanic horde. Both reside now in a single man, the revolutionary *politiker*, the single-stripe *gefreite* of the old war, who at last has fully "gone Napoleon," adding to his headship of the State, personal command of its armed forces.

The morning war council in the staff hut is over. The Fuehrer goes with his quick step over the packed snow to his own hut, passes through the adjutant's room, sheds his greatcoat in the warm interior of his own sanctum. Usually he relaxes for an hour or two on architectural plans for his empire. The latest sheaf of drawings lies on the table. But to-day he leaves them. He wants to think, to see his way. As always at such times, he sits propping a slack jowl between the thumb and forefinger of a long, white, woman's hand. His brooding eyes turn inward to his secret life.

For years his intuitions and calculations have proved exactly right—so uncannily right that around him has grown a myth of infallibility. "Hitler is always right." This great myth has been invaluable: even a Fuehrer being a politician, who must keep people believing that he can fulfil his promises. But for more than a year now his intuitions have been failing, his dream wavering like a mirage. He used to be sure: now he has to guess. Somewhere he has missed the road. But where? At what point had he gone off the route which, in the past, he had moved along with the mysterious assurance of a somnambulist? Where did success begin to change to failure?

Was it when he chose to lock horns with

That puny white-faced boy, walking slowly home from the village school, is Adolf Hitler, the future Reichsfuehrer and greatest man of his age; and when his pretty young mother sees his report, she will look at him sadly, and say: "Your father will beat you."

That gentleman is up in his little customs office overhanging the Inn River. Outside, the big Bavarian farm carts wait; inside, the farmers stand respectfully while Inspector Schicklgruber Hitler, befrogged and brass-buttoned, fills in the revenue form and collects the imperial government dues on the produce moving across the frontier bridge into Austria.

A big-bellied, ruddy, beery fellow, he had been born with his mother's name: for the Schicklgruber girl was unmarried. Fräulein Schicklgruber, a peasant's daughter, was in domestic service in a Rothschild house in Vienna. It was gossiped that she was pregnant when she returned to her home village and gave herself to the middle-aged miller, Hitler.

The Fuehrer stirred, remembering the world whisper that had long been circulating: that there was Jewish blood in him, that this explained his flair for speculation and calculation, his lust for money, his pathological hatred of the Jews, his Aryan racial obsession, his parasitic adhesion to the Germanic tribe. He wanted to burn out that blood. Was it true? He didn't know: no one knew. The record only said that Schicklgruber, grown, and a shoemaker, had saved money and bought his legitimisation, along with the right to use the name of the man whom his mother said was his father: Hitler.

Adolf hated his father, that coarse, lusty, obstinate old man, who had buried two wives, and was set on his son by his third



Hitler's father and mother. This is reproduced from a picture which was presented to Hitler on his fiftieth birthday

wife following him in the government service. Adolf, determined to be an artist, evolved a plan of revolt. He would thwart his father by neglecting the necessary studies. The struggle continued until, one day, when he was fourteen, his father was struck down by apoplexy in a *brauhaus*.

Providence having removed his enemy, the years slipped by, easy, lazy years, in his mother's house; and now, eighteen, old enough to enter the Akademie in Vienna, he arrives, his pictures under his arm, at the great building on the Schillerplatz. The directors turn him down. He tries again a year later. Rejected again.

Furious and puzzled, he asks why. The director smoothly explains that his talents clearly lie in the field of architecture and not in that of painting. But you can only gain entry into the Akademie's school of architecture through attendance at the Polytechnic building school, and for that one needs a certificate of graduation from a secondary school. He had not got one. He had neglected everything except freehand drawing, and departed without earning the certificate.



The house where Hitler was born at Brannau am Inn, Upper Austria

Stalin instead of pressing the campaign against Britain? Was it earlier, when he under-estimated the British will to resist, and waited vainly on the European side of the moat for the islanders to capitulate? Was it earlier still, when he bent all his energies on smashing Poland in three weeks, instead of detaching part of the Luftwaffe to bomb the unprepared British, and part of his army to attempt invasion while they were all unready? Or were those anti-Nazi generals right who said that all the time he had been riding a German and European revolutionary wave, which now had passed its peak, leaving him on the ebb side? Searching for answers, he retraced the years of his life.

***For More Than a Year his Intuitions
have been Failing—where did Suc-
cess Begin to Change to Failure?***

By C. Patrick Thompson

So his revolution after all had succeeded only on the destructive side: and now it looked like destroying him, for his mother was dead, her pension ended, and he is alone, without a home or money, a trade, calling or profession.

Vienna and Munich. Four years. He shovels snow, humps a hod, hangs paper, paints houses, tints postcards. He is a casual labourer, living in doss-houses. In Vienna, when he can't get work, he queues up for the soup hand-out at the monastery in the Gumpendorfer Strasse; in Munich, he begs. He hates his environment, the world, bourgeois society, and is full of dreams and schemes for escape, by money-making schemes, by changing everything. And then, when the Goddess of Misery seemed to be crushing him to death, his prison bars fell. War engulfed the world. He fell on his knees, weeping tears of joy, and promptly volunteered. The Second Bavarian Infantry Regiment opened its ranks. He would do for cannon fodder.

Four years, two wounds, a gassing. He soldiered with a fervour which he knew his fellow-soldiers found insufferable: a teetotal celibate, who never groused, and talked and acted like the stage hero of a patriotic melodrama. His superiors gave him a lance-corporal's stripe, but viewed him as a joke or a catastrophe in any higher rank.

But things changed when the great Hohenzollern war machine, pulverised, sank suddenly beneath the sands of history. The imperial dynasty vanished, but the core of the old state remained, withdrawn, secretive, patient: the Prussian Officers Corps. On the edge of this last indissoluble drop left out of the evaporated ocean of German militarism, Gefreite Hitler precariously floated.

Lean, wolfish, bitter, tough, wily, full of dreams and schemes, he swam around in the Munich barracks of his regiment, his shelter, and his food trough. He had a new job. It was political informer for the army.

Wifeless, childless and friendless, an ascetic with no time-stealing vices or pastimes, physically unimpressive but formidable inside, he scurries about the streets, with his quick, nervous step and restless side-glancing eyes, poking his sharp nose into alleyways and corners, (*Continued on page 58*)



Hitler making one of his famous speeches to the German people in the days when the world used to wonder what he was going to do next



Hitler's mountain chalet at Berchtesgaden. (Right) Hitler's study in the new Chancellery he had built in Berlin



Some Heroic
Encounters of

America's Fighting Merchantmen

By C. Fox-Smith

THE time . . . a little more than a hundred years ago . . . the place, the blue Caribbean, flashing its million white caps in the tropic sun . . . a square-sterned, bluff-built trader from Salem or Newburyport forging her way north-eastward with a cargo of rum and molasses from the West Indian Islands . . . high overhead the gleaming shape of a snowy-plumaged tropical bird as it hovers with bright watchful eye intent on a possible prey. Suddenly, from under the lee of a low islet there shoots a long, low craft, whose raking masts and decks crowded with cut-throats proclaim her for what she is—one of the survivors of the pirate fleets which still linger on the shores of the Spanish Main to plunder and murder merchantmen.



(Top) The last of the famous *Alabama*. The great naval duel between the raider *Alabama* and the United States steamer, *Kearsarge*, which took place off Cherbourg on June 19, 1864. (Centre) H.M.S. *Hermes* shown in action with the American schooner, *Gipsy*, of New York (1812)

(Left) H.M. Packet *Hinchinbrook* shown in close action with the American privateer, *Grand Turk*, of Salem. The fight took place at pistol-shot range

(The three prints which are reproduced herewith are by the kind permission of The Parker Gallery, 2 Albemarle Street, W.1)

sinister shape of a German underseas raider. Yes, even the sky has a new tenant. The tropical bird still keeps its accustomed watch. But the drone of engines far overhead, and what looks like a silvery fish in the seas of upper air, tells that man, too, keeps his vigil in the heavens.

The submarine sends her demand to the merchant ship to heave to. It is answered by a flash from the freighter's gun—and a well-aimed shot scoring a near miss on the attacker's conning-tower, together with her realisation that help is at hand in the shape of a swooping aircraft, apparently suggests to the U-boat that she had better sink, so to speak, while the sinking is good. Silently the baffled sea-raider submerges, like a shark thwarted of its victim, and one more cargo holds on its way for Britain.

FOR the American seaman, no less than his British compeer, is the inheritor of a fighting tradition handed down from forefathers who knew how to defend themselves in battle—or even upon occasion to play the role of attacker—as well as to trade. All through the long disturbed years of the eighteenth and the early nineteenth centuries, the Yankee privateer earned renown for his daring, his boldness, and the skill and seamanship with which he handled his ships in many a hard-fought contest with the privateers and ships of war of other nations—of Spain, of France, and of Great Britain herself.

Here, for example, is the story of (Continued on page 56)

At once, on board the *Friends*, all is activity. Guns are run out, rifles and ammunition made ready, even the cook fills every available pot and kettle to provide boiling water in readiness for possible boarders. The *Friends* does not intend to be captured without making a fight for it.

But her capacity for putting up a fight is not, after all, to be tested. Perhaps the pirate has already burned his fingers on some intended prize. Whatever the reason, he has evidently decided that this time discretion is the better part of valour; and it is with a sigh of relief that the skipper of the *Friends* sees him alter course and leave her to continue her homeward passage unmolested.

And now, for the Salem brig substitute a modern American freighter, rushed off the slips in record time to fill the gaps in the Atlantic life-line, for the lean black schooner the no less



Sorcery

The Bewitching Beauty of a Woman has no effect against a Man's Wounded Vanity

By Arthur Mills

"HOW do you like that stuff?" the colonel asked.
 "Very nice; what is it?"
 "Sac; they drank it in regency days; Canary Sac; a bit sweet."

The guest took another sip. "I like it."
 "Well, when you can't get sherry," his host filled up; "women would like it. I expect Mrs. Fitzherbert used to enjoy a glass. She rated a good wine."

"In what way?" the guest asked; he had a big jaw and placid face.

"She was a loyal woman. All her sort were. Suppose Nell Gwyn, or Lady Hamilton, or Mrs. Fitzherbert had been the type of women that were willing to sell England, they could have done a lot of harm, couldn't they?"

"Yes, I suppose so," the guest agreed; he took three or four sips of sac and settled deeper in his chair. "Have the Gestapo any women over here now?"

"I should think they've got women in every country in the world, hotel receptionists, book-keepers, stenographers, domestic servants, cabaret artists, wives."

"Wives!"

"Natural agents; imagine the facilities available to the German-born wife of a neutral diplomat in a South American Republic—South America is very much in the picture just now, you know," the colonel pushed back his grey hair; he looked worried.

"But over here?" the other said.

"Ah! over here; that is what I was coming to; I asked you to come and see me this evening because I want your help."

The K.C.'s lips folded slightly more tightly; he said amiably: "Most of your cases are pretty foolproof."

The colonel refilled the glasses. "This is not an ordinary case; that is to say the woman involved is not a conscious enemy agent; she is what I should call an unwitting spy; they are rare, but when cleverly used, such people have been responsible for some of the greatest masterpieces of intelligence work in history."

"By 'unwitting' you mean someone who is helping Britain's enemies without knowing she is doing so; careless talk, that sort of thing."

"This is more than careless talk." The colonel, who had been walking up and down a Persian rug strip, stopped. The lawyer thought he looked a very tired man. "This—this"—the colonel hesitated—"this is sorcery."

The K.C. reached for his glass and took a good drink of canary sac. "Who is bewitched?" he asked.

The colonel mentioned a name.

"That might be serious," the K.C. said.

"It is; very serious; the situation is complicated by the woman's position; she came over here as a distinguished refugee; she brought her jewellery, but she has lost everything else; everybody is sorry for her, and everybody trusts her implicitly. If I did anything about her, I should probably be told I had been overworking and needed a rest."

"What could you do?"

"I could suggest to the authorities that she would be more comfortable in Canada."

"If she was not willing to go you would have to give the real reason, of course."

The colonel smiled. "The fact that the suggestion came from me would indicate that; the immediate result would be that her boy friend would explode, and I should be dismissed."

The K.C. studied the names: "Some of these passengers were on the Lisbon plane," he remarked

"Surely not, if you could produce the necessary proof."
"I haven't the necessary proof; I told you she is an unwitting agent; I don't think she would deliberately do anything to hurt England. I'll tell you who she is."

The K.C. said: "I know; I saw them lunching at the Ritz together; she is a very lovely creature; he certainly looked happy enough."

"He is—blindly happy," the colonel said, grimly.

The K.C. leaned forward: "What harm can she do, unwittingly, as you put it?"

"She writes letters. She has means of sending these letters out of the country which I cannot discover; probably she gives them to acquaintances who are going out; diplomatic privileges are still observed, and we do not strip the clothes off distinguished neutrals before they leave our shores. You would be surprised how many men when asked by a woman to take a letter out of the country, sympathise with her wish not to have her private correspondence read by the censor."

"The Nazis then intercept these letters?"

"Yes."

"You have seen the letters?"

"One," the colonel took a folded paper from his pocket. "Our people were able to get hold of this; you need not ask how; they sent it back to me at once; read it."

The K.C. read the letter; twice he raised his eyebrows, settled his spectacles more firmly, and re-read a sentence; finally he handed the letter back. "She appears to have put down everything she has heard about British plans to defeat Hitler; her motive is evidently to cheer up her relations who have not escaped. Do people really talk so indiscreetly?"

"Some do; I don't suggest her friend is responsible; she meets plenty of important people; the explanation is a desire to convince her friend abroad that this country is making a real effort; also, no doubt, to cheer her up. You see those facts that she mentions; they have never been published, only hinted at; one can more or less imagine the circumstances under which they were blathered out."

"Can't you take action on this letter?" the K.C. asked.

"Not with any hope of results; she would only be cautioned not to write indiscreetly. To get action I need proof that she is sending letters out of the country unofficially—by-passing the censor; also I should have to explain how I got hold of the letter, which I should hate to do. You notice there is no envelope."

"What difference does that make?"

"A great deal; we can't prove the letter was not sent through the proper channels and overlooked by the censor. I want to know exactly who is taking her mail for her, and I am going to ask you to find out."

"Why me?" the K.C. asked.

"Because of your experience at the bar." The colonel lit a cigarette; he spoke in an ordinary conversational tone, but his meaning was clear.

The K.C. did not answer for a moment, then he said: "Can I have that letter?"

The colonel passed the letter across; the K.C. looked to see if it was dated. "She has simply put Wednesday," he said.

"That is Wednesday, November 12," the colonel said. "She mentions a speech made at a public banquet, which was on Monday, November 10."

"Then the letter was taken out of England on November 12, or within a few days of that date?"

The colonel nodded.

"You suspect a neutral, possibly a diplomat, carried it for her? Can you tell me who left England between Wednesday,

November 12, and, say, the end of that same week?"

The colonel went to his desk, opened a drawer, and took out a piece of paper. "I have the names here."

The K.C. studied the names. "Some of these passengers were on the Lisbon plane," he remarked.

"That is so," the colonel agreed.

"And she is probably always using the same channel."

"I should say so."

"But that channel might be one of several. I mean communications are still maintained with Switzerland, Spain, Portugal, the United States, and the South American republics."

"Quite," the colonel puffed at his cigarette.

"Do you suspect anybody?"

The colonel shook his head. "My problem is that she meets so many people."

"If she is sending letters out she may be getting replies by the same channel."

"Certain to be."

Illustrated by

W. Smithson-Broadhead



"You think that some neutral, who knows she hears a good deal and writes indiscreetly, is providing her with facilities to get her letters out of the country. You don't believe the letters are carried in good faith?"

"No, I think she is being exploited; the whole thing reeks of Gestapo technique."

"How much time can you give me?"

"I'd like her caught the next time she does it; it is one of the most worrying cases I have had; you see I can't use routine methods; her background excludes that."

"Do I get a free hand?" inquired the K.C.
"You can do anything you like," the colonel said,
"anything."

The K.C. rose. "All right, colonel," he said, "that is all I want to know."

IT was the K.C.'s custom, when preparing a case, to construct a mental stage on to which he would bring the characters in the order in which they were believed to have come upon the scene; then, smoking his pipe, he would endeavour to get a clear picture in his mind of the personality, motives and possible actions of each individual.



She did not receive many visitors in her private suite, but the most frequent of these was the public man already referred to

In the problem he had to solve the woman, as he saw her, was a patriotic refugee from a country that had been savaged by German troops; she was proud of being able to write interesting letters, and she certainly never thought these letters would come into German hands; nor had it occurred to her that anything she wrote would help the enemy.

The second character was the public man whom she had charmed. He probably was not guilty of any indiscretion, but there could be little doubt he formed the background for her mixing with others who were not so careful.

The third character was the individual who arranged for the transport of her letters. Here was a man with brains enough to carry out what the colonel called a masterpiece of intelligence work. That precisely described the achievement. Only someone unusually astute would have realised the possibilities of obtaining good information

by means of the baroness. To obtain it and continue to do so it was, of course, necessary to see that her letters got through. In the event of the case breaking, the defence would be that the letters were private correspondence between the baroness and her kinsfolk, and as such had not been read by the intermediary; also that she was a refugee from the Nazis, and there was no reason to suppose she would do anything to help them.

The lawyer read again the letter that she had written. It was the product of an intelligent listener. He could imagine how she had picked up a piece of information here; another there; learning from the wife of one man that her husband had gone by air to such and such a country,—("of course this is a secret, dear, but one can guess what he has gone to talk about"). Reading the letter through the lawyer thought it terrifying to realise how much a clever woman could discover by talking to other women and perhaps sometimes to men. He could see, too, how the information she had sent would tie in with reports from enemy agents placed by the country concerned.

Now came the question of discovering (Continued on page 64)



Getting Her To Sea

BUILDING a warship is one thing, but commissioning her is another. Take a new destroyer, for instance: a complex box of tricks designed to kill and to save. A comparatively young officer, his last job a routine one on a battleship, sent to command such a vessel, has a thousand and one things to consider.

He has possibly been sent to the builder's yard ahead of his crew, but to-day, ships being turned out by mass-production, in a way, and officers being engaged fully, it is a pretty safe bet that he doesn't arrive much ahead of his new complement. The simple Admiralty appointment—a typed paper—is his authority for taking control of this marvel of up-to-date ingenuity worth half a million pounds or so.

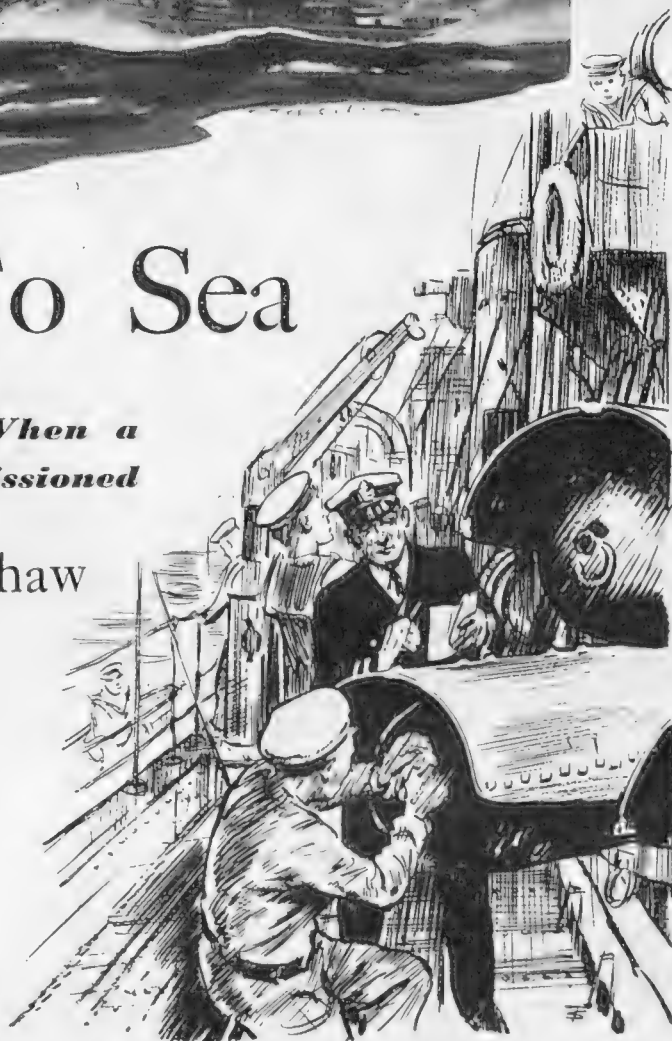
He goes into consultation with the Admiralty expert ashore who has overseen construction. The new captain wants to learn as much as he can about the idiosyncrasies of his ship: and every ship is as full of odd tricks as an egg is full of meat. It is his first independent command: he is solely responsible for this small ship's fate: in port, at sea, up in the air if dive bombers chance to hit her accurately! Something like one hundred and eighty men look to him for glory, honour, existence. If he asks God that he might be worthy the trust, is he to be blamed? In his individual brain must be made those decisions that spell the difference between life and death for himself and those looking to him for guidance.

She has run her speed trials, and satisfied the guarantee engineers; a very competent commissioned warrant engineer, R.N., has been appointed to her, and is already established in the engine-room, familiarising himself with a countless number of new gadgets. But her compasses have still to be adjusted; her guns tested, her stores embarked and the empty shell converted into a passably comfortable residence for a large number of men. If he is a worthwhile commander, this two-and-a-half striper sees to the crew accommodations first of all; a comfortable crew give the best service. If men know their commander studies their interest and rights first and foremost, they'll follow him through hell and out the far side. His first lieutenant

His first lieutenant brings the crew along from the depot

What Happens When a New Ship is Commissioned

By Frank H. Shaw



Number one is responsible, with the warrant gunner, for all the ship's armament—guns, torpedoes, depth-charges and ammunition

brings the crew along from the depot; the men are tired and sticky from a three-hundred-mile journey by train under present travelling conditions. Number one was a dog's body aboard a heavy cruiser a week ago—a sub-lieutenant, with little more authority than a midshipman; now he is executive officer; a mere boy, newly given his second stripe; with memories of Dartmouth or Pangbourne still vivid in his mind. Number one is alert, eager; a pleasant lad; the commander sighs relief; they might as easily have sent him a disgruntled dud. Commissioning a new ship you never know what sort of a crew you'll get; but the odds are many members will be big-ship bad bargains. There's the navigator, too, and the watchkeeping warrant gunner; there are a couple of ex-snotties; R.N.R. or R.N.V.R. most likely. There's a newly-commissioned surgeon.

THESE ward-room officers will shake down automatically; the commander's chief original interest is in his petty officers—the leaven of the crew, tried old stagers, wily as the devil; up to every known trick, and anxious, at the outset, to see how much they can "get away with" under a new and untried captain. Once the lower deck has shaken down, had a meal, and, if the time be appropriate, as it generally is, a tot of grog, the captain orders a "clear lower deck" muster. Amongst the debris left behind by the constructors, amongst the last-minute specialists fitting final adjustments, the whole crew stand below the bridge and listen to the captain reading out his commission. That puts him in supreme authority; and the men study him carefully as he reads, and later, addresses the usual exhortation. Will he be all right? Will he be a three-way discharge snorter? You never know. They form an opinion (Continued on page 66)





Old Tales Re-told

A Gruesome Cup: *The Ordeal of Queen Rosamond and Her Revenge*

Written and Illustrated by

F. Matania, R.I.

NEARLY all the men who have imposed their will on others by brutal force have ended by suffering the consequences of the hatred they have sown. Yet, despite hundreds of historic examples, they never seem to attach any importance to the power of the muffled hostility which they affect to despise.

Though temporarily acclaimed by the crowd, they retain their true mediocrity and ignorance. To be obeyed only because terror compels obedience is a very poor sort of satisfaction indeed; but, blinded by their egomania, they never see this—and continue to believe in their own greatness and in everything that flatters and gratifies them. Could one apply the microscope of an attentive observation to these so-called "strong men," one would find without exception an appalling chaos of misconceptions, where insolence passes for strength of character, brutality for energy, obstinacy for self-assurance, treachery for diplomacy—and so on. . . . On such malformed principles as these, many a tyrant has based his public and private life.

One such, who might well have been a protagonist in a Shakespearean tragedy, was Alboin, King of the Lombards in the sixth century A.D.

The Lombards of that period had nothing to do with the Lombardy we know to-day. (The latter, is a region of North Italy which borders on Venetian territory.) The Lombards, or Longobards, of our story, were inhabitants of Austria-Hungary, Tyrol and several other neighbouring States. They were still barbarians, long neglected by a decadent Roman Empire. Left thus to themselves, all the Balkan States, from Germany down to the shores of the Adriatic, were in a constant state of strife. Our story opens with an incident that took place in the year 566, during a battle between the Lombards and the Gepidae, who were a tribe of Goths. At the



The proud Rosamond, now a captive, was brought before Alboin, the conqueror



While her lips approached the smooth surface of the vessel, she formed the determination to make the tyrant pay for this torture and avenge her father

heads of both armies were the two Kings and their sons. The Lombard King, Audoin, had at his side Prince Alboin, an intrepid youth who never stopped at anything which would add to his glory or renown. The King of the Gepidae was the aged Turisund, and he was accompanied by two sons. In the thick of the fighting, Alboin engaged the younger son of Turisund and killed him with a thrust of his lance.

It was customary among the Lombards to celebrate with a grand banquet the successful conclusion of a battle. But

no prince was allowed to sit at the royal table before he had been knighted by receiving his arms from a foreign king. Many of the guests implored King Audoin to make an exception in the case of his valiant son; but he remained faithful to the traditions of his ancestors and refused to admit the young man to the feast.

Proud and hot-headed, Alboin resented this refusal—and immediately took steps to hasten the formality which would entitle him to sit at the royal table among the veteran warriors.

With an escort of forty of his loyal friends, he rode to the territory of the Gepidae. At the frontier he announced that he had not come as an enemy, but sought hospitality from King Turisund, with the object of being knighted by him. (There was another old custom which forbade a ruler to refuse such a request, no matter how great the enmity between the two parties.)

It was hard indeed for old Turisund to have to offer to his son's slayer the very seat where he used to sit. On his other side Alboin had Cunimund, the elder son, an imposing figure of a warrior, about forty-five years old, who, from the first moment, was hard put to it not to twist the neck of the uninvited guest. There was also another member of the family who took an instant dislike to Alboin and deemed his very presence an insult to the sorrow in which they had all been plunged. This was Rosamond, the beautiful daughter of Cunimund. Alboin could scarcely take his eyes off the girl, whose classic features and statuesque build seemed designed by nature to wear a crown.

The banquet proceeded in fairly orderly fashion almost to the end, when, owing to the effect of the wine, or possibly



because he could no longer resist the temptation to have a dig at the Lombards, Cunimund remarked, with a significant glance at those nearest him: "The Lombards resemble in figure and in smell the mares of our Sarmatian plains!" (According to Gibbon, the insult referred to the white bandages enveloping the legs of the Lombards.)

Whatever the allusion, the remark provoked a hasty reply from one of Alboin's party: "Add another resemblance, for you have already felt how strongly they *kick*! Go you and visit the plains of Asfeld and seek for the bones of your brother—they are mingled with those of the vilest animals."

The company surged to its feet and every hand sought the hilt of a sword; but the timely intervention of the aged Turisund prevented any tragic developments. The solemn rite of the investiture followed without any untoward incident, and Alboin, swollen with pride in his own bravery and resource, left to return to his own country in triumph. Apart from his personal glorification, all that he had accomplished had been to increase the

hatred of the Goths for his own people. Some time elapsed, during which both sides made preparations for another leap at each other's throats. Both the old kings had died, and now Cunimund occupied the throne of the Gepidae and Alboin that of the Lombards. The latter had also to mourn the loss of his wife, Clotsuinda. Now that he was free again, Alboin remembered with relish the striking impression which Rosamond had made upon him.

He sent messengers loaded with rich presents to request her hand in marriage. To his chagrin, Rosamond declined the honour—and made no bones in her reply about sparing the feelings of her wooer, and let him feel in words the weight of her contempt. Alboin, though hard put to it to swallow the humiliation of his offer being rejected, was imbued with genuine admiration for the girl's high spirit, and made a second offer, but the result was the same.

Now, incensed beyond all bearing, he swore to destroy the accursed race of the Gepidae. In the following words Gibbon describes the situation: "When a public quarrel is

envenomed by private injuries, a blow that is not mortal or decisive can only be productive of a short truce which allows the unsuccessful combatant to sharpen his arms for a fresh encounter."

When the encounter took place, it was with unprecedented ferocity. Alboin, with his allies the Avars, another tribe of Huns, who had been promised the lion's share of the loot, invaded the land of the Gepidae, burning everything that stood above ground and killing every living thing in his path. Though every inch of ground was valiantly defended, it was in vain. Veteran warriors fell in hundreds, with the sole satisfaction of having sold their lives dearly. Among the killed was Cunimund himself, overcome by weight of numbers in spite of having performed prodigies of valour. With cynical and cruel satisfaction Alboin looked down at the body of the King of the Gepidae. He meant to preserve from that body a souvenir of victory that would give him perpetual gratification. He gave orders for the head to be removed.

The rich land of his victims was stripped of every valuable object, and the total booty surpassed all expectation. The Government was dispersed and the

*When the girl appeared with a light
Peredeus realised his position and
fell on his knees, unable to utter a word*



Rosamond's lover, alarmed by the unpleasant taste of the beverage she had given him; put his sword to her throat and forced her to consume the rest of the contents of the cup



people made slaves to the Avars. Alboin had made his own personal selection. Thus the proud Rosamond, now a captive, was brought before the conqueror. Alboin had now reached the pinnacle of his power. He did not need love. It was sufficient for him to be obeyed. He gave orders for the celebration of his marriage with Rosamond.

There are many men in this world who do not require of their women either affection or intelligence. They seek only an attractive body for their pleasure. Rosamond had no say in the matter. She knew that she was helpless; and the fact that she would henceforth hold high rank in the kingdom was some mitigation of the fate she was forced to endure. She went through the celebrations, the feasts and functions, with a dignified composure. In time also she became the mother of a girl. But not for one moment did she ever forget that her husband had destroyed her country and slain her father:

There is no need to point out that Alboin, blinded by his own conceit, never perceived the hidden feelings that underlay his wife's mechanical obedience.

A great deal of his time and attention was taken up with ambitious schemes for enlarging his territories. The army, under his leadership, was increasing. Predatory bands of adventurers came to join it from all parts. The news circulated that Alboin was preparing a plan for the invasion of Italy, not only with his fighting forces, but with the civilian population as well. The Emperor of Rome, then at Constantinople, was disinterested. No precautions were taken against the menace of this pack of wolves

who were threatening to overrun the richest country in Europe.

On April 1, 568, Alboin set out, followed by the most gigantic horde of mixed rabble the world has ever seen. They left Austria and Croatia almost depopulated. Soon the mountains of the Tyrol were swarming with them, looting and ravaging, burning what they could not carry and slaying all who opposed them.

When the barbarians entered Italy there was a general stampede in some parts towards the south; in others the inhabitants began to fortify their towns and improvise some resistance. But all to no avail. Nothing could stop the onslaught of this human avalanche. The few towns that closed their gates and prepared for siege were for the most part left isolated to consume their provisions and await the end. Other places were deserted by the occupants and never defended at all. The attackers found looting a more pleasing and profitable occupation than fighting.

In September of the following year Alboin entered Milan. It was the season of the vintage. Revelling was in progress in palace and village throughout the fertile country. By the end of the year 569 the barbaric hordes were before Pavia, at that time an extremely important centre of culture, where treasures of every kind were preserved.

Alboin had set his heart on this wealthy city and, finding it well fortified and

prepared to face a struggle, he besieged it with all his forces. Nearly three and a half years elapsed before the brave defenders, worn down to the limit of human endurance, gave up. Alboin, whose impatience had given place to savagery, had sworn that on the day he set foot in Pavia he would have the whole population slaughtered without regard to sex or age.

His triumphant entry into the city took place through the gate of San Giovanni. While he was riding under the archway, his horse stumbled and fell, and could not be induced to rise again despite the rain of blows that were lavished on it. One of the officers told Alboin that the incident was a bad omen, but that its effect might be neutralised if he would retract the oath of extermination. Inspired more by fear than by generosity, the tyrant solemnly retracted the fearful words. No sooner had he pronounced the last syllable than the horse arose of its own accord. This result convinced him more than ever that some supernatural power was at work, and he faithfully observed the recantation.

Later he took up his residence in a sumptuous palace on the outskirts of Verona, and there gave a great banquet to celebrate his victories. Amongst the plate and vessels that had followed in Alboin's train since he left Parmonia was an extremely gruesome object that he treasured (Continued on p. 62)

Books : *Reviewed by* Noel Thompson

H G. WELLS must be a very soured and embittered man if his latest book, "You Can't Be Too Careful" (Secker and Warburg, 9s.) represents anything like his true views. Albert Edward Tewler is supposed to be the average Englishman of the lower middle class, born about 1900. His main characteristic is that he hates all "ideers," which he holds never did any one good. All "isms" or "ologies" are anathema to him. Born in Camden Town, a doting mother, when his father dies, brings him up as an ignorant, spoiled, and unpleasant youngster until she dies of a surfeit of patent medicines. School, life in a boarding-house, adolescence, two marriages, and a wealth of detail as to his ignorance of sex bring the tale to the period when, fighting blindly, he wins the George Cross as a Home Guard, which struck me as the most bitter and unpleasant sneer of all. Everything around "homo Tewler" which has made him into the sub-man he is portrayed, comes in first for the penetrating searchlight of H. G. Wells's brain, and then for the scourge of his wit. You may not enjoy this book, it may make you angry, but it is worth reading in order to find many scenes as clever as any in his earlier and more worthy novels.

FROM such an unpleasant hero it is pleasant to turn in order to record the modesty and fine character of "R.A.F. Casualty," who contributes a short book which he calls simply, "I Had A Row With A German" (Macmillan, 5s.). It is a simple unvarnished narrative of his experience with R.A.F. fighters by an officer up to the time that he was shot down in flames. There are grand stories of "scraps," and quiet humour in the descriptions of life with various squadrons. The finale, of his shooting down, and of his experience in hospital, is told in the same exciting but simple language. All royalties from this book, and I hope they are large, go to the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund.

IT is difficult to estimate the value, in our present state of semi-ignorance, of the many books which are appearing about occupied Europe. But I will bet my last dollar that "Norwegian Spring, 1940" (Secker and Warburg, 9s. 6d.) will find a place among the best. Here is a story of a loving family; mother, a German by birth, who finds happiness in marriage to Johan in Norway in 1920; her own son, Ralph, her step-daughter, Astri, the lovable twins, Left and Right, and little Britta. Ralph goes to Germany, is away ten years, and returns as a Nazi spy who finds himself torn between family ties and love and his duty. There are lovely happy scenes, and portraits of hateful quislings. Nostalgic descriptions of peaceful scenery are followed by the awful pictures of the invasion of a small town by the Germans—vivid, terrifying pictures. At times over-written, it is always well written, and provides an indictment of the Nazis without propaganda.

Peter de Polnay creates a fanciful character in his "Boo" (Secker and Warburg, 8s.), a magnificent physical specimen with the uninhibited actions and charm of a child. Practically his only speech is the one word "Boo," and the author indicates that no more is necessary. Certainly Boo gets on in the world, makes friends everywhere, gets married, and is, according to a novelist who tries to analyse him, the unrepressed self of all of us. His wife says: "He has no complexes, no fears, none of the awful manners and habits we have. I feel completely at peace with him." But there is bitterness in the ending, giving a kick to a highly enjoyable cocktail,

or should I rather say, a rum punch?

The same sort of light charm abounds in H. T. W. Bousfield's short stories in "Vinegar and Cream" (John Murray, 8s. 6d.). Crime, love, ghosts, humour provide a catholic selection of subjects, and while I liked best "Should A Woman Tell," "Poison Pen" and "Fat Girl," I found none of the stories dull. This is bright and cheerful reading, written with the art which conceals art.

"The Wayfarer" (Stanley Paul, 9s.) is another novel by Shirley Seiffert in which is provided a historical picture of the life of one man, "Johnnie" Cotter, in the America of the middle of the (Continued on page 61)

—Thirty Years of Bombing—

A FEW months ago I recommended a book by C. G. Grey, called "British Fighter Planes." He has now produced the natural sequel "Bombers" (Faber and Faber, 6s.). He has told the story of our bombing resources (and the American) with considerable references also to the German and Italian, in the same very effective method, that is, with a history of bombing from the air followed by a biography of both men and the machines as they have developed. Intermingled are many anecdotes and personal experiences which effectively prevent, even if there were any danger of that, the book becoming anything approaching a catalogue.

C. G. Grey is such a good journalist that even those who consider themselves omniscient will learn something new, while the novice will never find himself out of his depth. His stories move from the first bombing demonstration by Claude Grahame-White at Hendon to a full account of how the raid on Friedrichshaven in November, 1914, was managed. Then there is the tale of how, in the days when guns were fixed, a giant R.F.C. man raised and directed the tail skid of a bomber so that his pilot could aim when their bomber was shot down; between them they managed to hold off attackers; and other hair-raising stories of bravery in the last war. He mentions these pioneers of bombing by name and a surprising number are still alive and famous. The author expresses the view strongly that bombing cannot win a war and gives his opinion of Japanese pilots, which is that if one British fighter can take on five German and anything from ten to twenty Italians, the odds against the Japanese cannot be calculated.

Whether you agree with the views or not, this will become a classic handbook and should be in the possession of every one who likes to know his facts correctly before beginning to argue.





WHEN he first sighted it the line of bubbles was not more than half a mile distant from him and growing in length towards his own ship. He could see at once that the torpedo was well aimed and, although he instinctively ordered the helm hard-a-port and stopped his engines he knew that avoiding action was hopeless, for the bubbles did not indicate the torpedo's position but showed where it had been ten seconds previously. In a few moments it would be all over—the destroyer was doomed.

Orders flowed from his mouth and as they did so his eyes followed that loathsome line and his thoughts raced away in all directions. It has always been said that a drowning man's life unveils itself anew during the last remaining seconds; now he knew this was true. Time was standing still and as the bubbles remorselessly drew nearer he could see many things that he had never seen before.

It was a curious thing that, in spite of the vigilance of the officer of the watch and the submarine lookouts the captain was always first to sight the unexpected—it was a sort of extra sense which told him of danger. How many times had he awakened from an uneasy slumber on the chart-house settee to snatch up his oilskin and go out into the blackness of the night to find that he was urgently needed and that he half-knew already what the emergency was and what must be done to put things right. He had, however, been too late on this sunny afternoon.

The end was here; what a pity it was, there was so much to be done. All around him were men, *his* men, grand chaps, as cool and unconcerned as if they had the rest of a natural life in front of them instead of a dreadful uncertainty of survival. Those on deck were luckier than those below. The men in the engine-room were even now oblivious of the fate in store for them. Then there was the ship, *his* ship. He had "stood-by" her whilst she had been built and watched a pile of rusty steel grow into a thing of beauty and great performance and which was now going to disintegrate to a twisted wreck.

If he were anything of a judge the torpedo would strike the ship immediately beneath his feet. Should he brace himself to take the shock? Perhaps he should.

He wondered how Marjorie would take it. Of course she had had time to face the possibility in two years of war. She would be busier than ever with two kids to bring up. He wished he had been better off—not much money for the widow and orphans of sailors. It was a pity—so much to be done—still "that's war that was"—and at the other end of that line of bubbles was another fellow rubbing his hands in anticipation of an Iron Cross or something. It was a damn good attack by the U-boat to do it justice—such a calm day—hardly a ripple on the water; to get in unseen to that range on a destroyer was carrying bravery to the point of foolhardiness. If the torpedo (and there was only one) missed, the

In the Strange Hazards of a Naval Encounter, Fate takes a Tragic Hand

By

Gilbert Hackforth-Jones

U-boat had about ten minutes to live—he'd blow it out the water with depth-charges—but it couldn't miss.

HE turned away from the sight of that line of bubbles to take a look at his kingdom before it disappeared. Down aft on the quarter-deck a party of men were putting the depth-charges to "safe"—a precaution which would prevent them from adding their devastating power to the holocaust. Others were reaching for life-jackets and the gun crews were at their stations poised and ready to open fire if there were anything to shoot at. Down below him on the signal-bridge the yeoman was making up his signal flags and putting them into their pigeon-holes, whilst his mate was tautening the halliards as if preparing for inspection. An ear-splitting roar suddenly filled the universe, the safety valves were lifting—the air vibrated and men's mouths were working like ventriloquists' dummies—the noise of escaping steam drowning everything, numbing the faculties at a time when they were most needed. The line of bubbles was very near indeed.

UZ 103 had sighted her quarry half an hour before. Under ordinary

circumstances, Ober-leutnant Zanger would not have attacked a single destroyer with the last torpedo in his submarine—but then circumstances were not ordinary. There was someone aboard who expected the attack to be made, someone who held the destiny of the submarine commander in the hollow of his hand and to whom fear was unknown and all risk justified for the sake of the ultimate goal. A little grey man, he was, silent and observant and with a disconcerting habit of asking questions which could not be evaded and writing down the answers in a thin clerkly hand in his black morocco-bound note-book. He was described on board as "the war correspondent," but there was not a man

who did not know who he was and why he was there at the captain's elbow peering at the chart—taking an unexpected turn at the periscope—nosing round the torpedo tubes—asking more questions of the crew.

Wherever he went his grim personality affected those around him so that men shivered at his passing and sought to avoid his gaze as if he were possessed of the evil eye.

Yes, Fritz Zanger knew who that someone was. He had known for weeks that the outcome of his many unsuccessful patrols would be a passenger. There were other U-boats who had taken a "war correspondent" to sea and whose captains had been superseded after their return to harbour. And no one knew what became of them afterwards except that their wives and children were starving for lack of pay or pension.

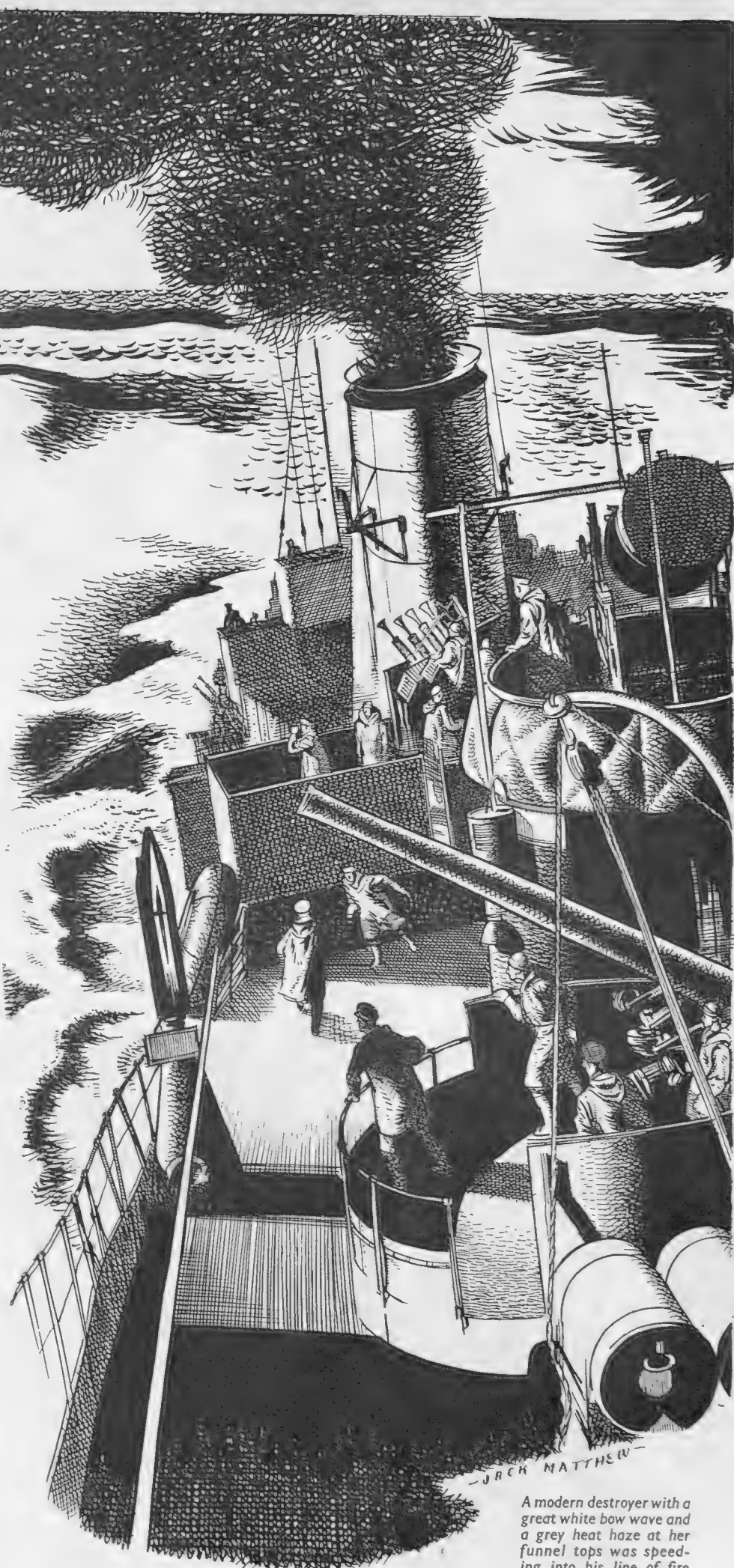
It was a terrible thing to have this man watching—if he would only speak or smile occasionally it would lessen the tension. It wasn't surprising that so far, on this patrol eleven torpedoes had been fired and none had found their mark. And he had been trying—Gott-in-Himmel knew how hard he had tried. On previous patrols, he had not tried so hard; it was easy as a U-boat captain whose single eye was the only witness of what was taking place outside the vessel to carry out spirited attacks on nothing at all; it was easy to stalk an imaginary victim and to fire four torpedoes at a cliff so that his crew hearing the roar of the explosions would bear witness of four more English vessels sent to the bottom. It was easy to turn away from an enemy

convoy instead of attacking, and yet to appear to be in the thick of things and, easiest of all it was to write long dispatches describing his feats of valour and recommending all and sundry for promotions and decorations.

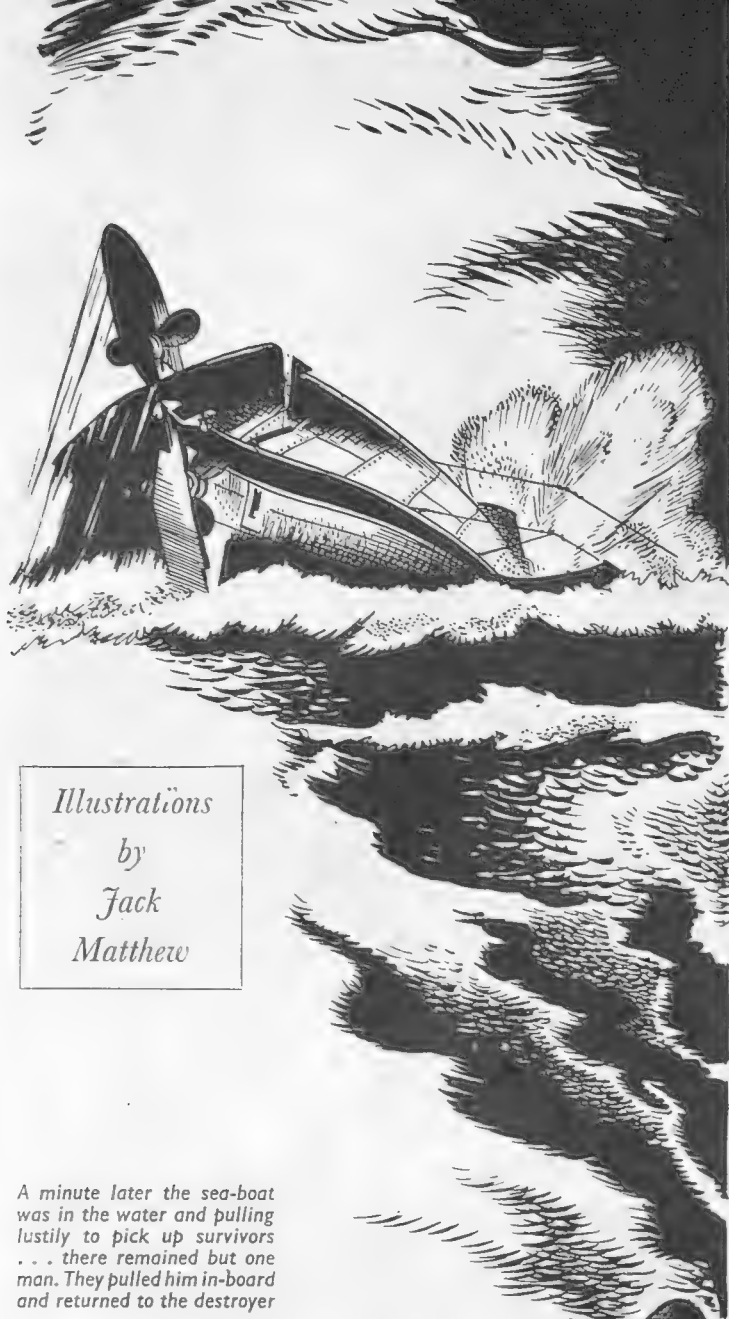
He had not always done this. Time was when he used his skill to great advantage in his country's cause but that had been before the awful occasion when he had been haunted by the English Asdic for four days. It was uncanny this weapon of the enemy; it sapped one's courage and turned one's bowels to water; and then had come the depth-charges. He had escaped and in escaping had lost something for ever and gained instead a fear that never left him, turning him into as cunning a subterfugist as ever rendered a false report. He had tried to give up his command but his first hint had been greeted with an iron-cold negative.

And now they were beginning to suspect. He had been so careful, perhaps he had been too ingenious—perhaps, terrible thought, his own officers had informed against him. One never knew in this Nazi Navy where each man's allegiance lay.

There was also the matter of the torpedo failures, so many had failed to explode even when they had hit—there had been courts of inquiry and scientists had been around and had gone away baffled. As the result of all this the "war correspondent" had come and now UZ103 was committed to attack an English destroyer with only one torpedo upon which depended the safety of the submarine. If the torpedo missed they would be destroyed. If it sank the enemy the "war correspondent" would depart in peace. If he, Fritz Zanger, refused to risk his ship on such a doubtful venture, then he would disappear and with his removal would go also the money for his wife and children. It was better to die at sea or perhaps not to die at all. And so whilst the unrelenting figure sat in a dark corner of the control room jotting notes in the black book, Oberleutnant Zanger sweated as he had never done before to bring his command into a favourable position to attack the English destroyer and as he did so, the last torpedo received its final adjustment at the hands of the torpedo gunner's mate. This man, too, was a bit of an engineer; he was by far the ablest man aboard and he worked with such a grim determination that he had gained a reputation of being a paragon of all the virtues. Since the



A modern destroyer with a great white bow wave and a grey heat haze at her funnel tops was speeding into his line of fire



Illustrations

by

Jack

Matthew

A minute later the sea-boat was in the water and pulling lustily to pick up survivors . . . there remained but one man. They pulled him in-board and returned to the destroyer



torpedo failures he had allowed no one to touch them in their final stages except himself. He and the "war correspondent" seemed to understand each other; it was noticed that no questions were fired at him by that curious individual.

The crew of a submarine in the closing stages of an attack is in a pretty tense frame of mind, for everything is leading up to that one little word "fire" which, when uttered, will start a train of happenings which will affect the lives of many hundreds of human beings besides those on board the attacker. The atmosphere in UZ103 was more keyed up than usual, for the strain of the captain's mind was imparted to all around him and the presence of the "war correspondent" sitting in his corner like a skeleton at the feast exercised a chilling effect on the natural rise of spirits experienced by those who go knowingly to face great risks.

Fritz Zanger was carrying out the attack of his life. When he first sighted the enemy destroyer he was broad on her bow and this meant that the submarine must be taken in on a closing course at the highest possible speed. To avoid detection on such a calm day as this it was necessary to go to a great depth and to run towards the enemy "blind," a nerve-wracking business at the best of times. With forty metres showing on the depth gauges UZ103 trembled and hammered as her powerful electric motors forced her along at her top speed and time seemed to stand as still as the captain who waited for the minutes to pass before he could again have sight of his quarry.

At long last, the seconds ticked up into minutes and the captain spoke, "Periscope depth," he ordered. "Dead slow both motors." The trembling and hammering died as the submarine rose quietly and presently when the way was off the vessel, the periscope was raised cautiously a few inches above the surface. What he saw there gave him grounds for great satisfaction. He rubbed his hands in his usual manner to show himself pleased and was about to order "Down periscope" when a touch on the elbow told him that the "war correspondent" was there again to check his asseverations.

He shrugged and turned away and, after allowing the little grey man five seconds, ordered "Down periscope." As the great tube hissed quickly into the well, out came the black notebook and down went another entry.

A FEW seconds later the periscope was raised again for a brief look and to the captain's joy he saw that the enemy had altered course to pass even closer to the U-boat. Now she might zigzag to her heart's content, she would still remain within torpedo range. He looked at the control-room clock as he had done so many times before and did a rapid mental calculation of the enemy's speed. "Twenty knots—perhaps a little more," he observed to his third officer, and then: "Bring the torpedo to the ready." The "war correspondent" flipped the pages of his notebook. "I suggest twenty-three knots," he observed, looking at no one in particular, and Fritz Zanger inwardly boiling was obliged to agree. Anyhow it would be a good excuse if the torpedo missed. "Torpedo ready," the face of the aged torpedo man appeared at the door for a moment and as suddenly vanished.

"Up periscope!" The captain was bending double, his eye to the periscope, following it up as it slowly rose until the surface of the water would fall away from the top lens and allow him to see the target. Green water first and then flecked with air bubbles; a final swirl and the view was clear. Less than a mile away was a brave sight. A modern destroyer with a great white bow wave and a grey heat haze at her funnel tops was speeding into his line of fire. "Down periscope!" He grimaced rudely at the "war correspondent," forbidding him to interfere at this most crucial moment when seconds meant the difference between success and failure. "Up periscope. Stand by the torpedo!" Everything was very still around now; nothing could be heard save the ticking of the gyro compass and the heavy breathing of the man who crouched with one hand on the firing trigger waiting for the quarry to come into his sights. "Check the angle," the "war correspondent": this voice came like a knife-thrust in the quiet calm. The captain grunted and lifted his eyes for a moment to the bearing ring and then back to the periscope went his eye. "Stand by," he said deliberately, and then "fire!" and the watcher saw his crooked finger close on the trigger. There was a muffled thud and a reassuring hail from forward "Torpedo left the tube, sir!" "Down periscope." The captain straightened his back and mopped his dripping brow. In half a minute he would hear the roar of the torpedo's explosion and a new world would dawn for him—a world where he was not dogged by Gestapo spies. An Iron Cross and perhaps promotion; in any case, his wife and children would be safe from starvation. Whilst he relaxed, the tension of the onlookers increased. They, who had not seen must hear to be convinced and (Continued on page 63)

By Jane Gordon

GOODNESS knows what my friends may say about me behind my back, but I do know what they say to my face, and it goes like this: "Darling, have you by any chance got a spare lipstick-case? I've plenty of refills but no cases. I would gladly trade three powder puffs and a packet of invisible hairpins for one old Tattoo, Louis Philippe or Arden metal-case." "I have a friend who can get a Rimmel or a Lechner eyelash cosmetic. Would you like it?" The answer, is "Yes, of course, I would. What can I do for you in return?" "If you can find me a pot of skin-foam on your afternoon off when you are shopping, I'd be infinitely grateful." Or again, "There is a little chemist round the corner where they have a rubber sponge. Would you like me to get it for you?" There was an exciting afternoon when I traded two pairs of unworn, ribbed lisle thread stockings for three pairs of fine, real-silk evening stockings hoarded from the piping days of peace, and it was like coming across the crock of gold when I found stored in the spare room a box of well-known brands of powders, rouges and lipsticks sent me by the makers the summer before war broke out and somehow forgotten since then.



The first A.T.S. military police—generally known as "red-caps"—will soon be seen on duty in the various commands

On Duty— and Off

be guaranteed to accentuate any fault, and bow-legs, bandy-legs, knock-knees seem bent on drawing attention to themselves in these days. Bow-legs can make a woman very self-conscious, and yet many men find them rather appealing. A friend of mine was telling me about his fiancée the other day, and I asked what she was like. "Well, she's not exactly pretty," he said, and added sentimentally, "but she has the sweetest little bow-legs."

A slight tendency to bow-legs can be greatly improved if the woman learns to stand with her knees pressed towards each other. And here is a good exercise for bow- or bandy-legs. Lie on the floor with a pillow under the head, heels together, toes pointing up towards the ceiling. Place a book between the thighs and knees. Count one, grip the book with the knees and thighs, count two and relax. Continue this routine twenty or thirty times and try to do the exercise every day. Knock-knees are usually a hangover of rickets during childhood or a weakness of the muscles caused by too much work. A good exercise for this trouble is as follows: Stand erect, with the body drawn to its full height, heels about an inch apart, and toes pointing straight ahead. Then, without moving the position of the feet, spread the knees outwards, hold for three seconds and then relax for one second, then force the knees apart again. One advantage of this exercise is that it can be done at any moment while standing about. It can also be done while taking a bath, in which case the back is supported by one end of the bath and the toes pressed against the other. The knees are tensed outwards, relaxed and tensed again. The knees must, of course, be kept flat and not bent.

SKIRTS having risen to the knees both on and off duty, and stockings having come over all queer, women's legs are at the gravest disadvantage. Legs on duty wear grey stockings, black stockings, khaki stockings or slacks, while off-duty legs are seen about in wool of brilliant hues, lisle and rayon in subdued shades, and if it is silk it may be laddered with impunity.

Off Duty

Really lovely legs can stand up proudly in any length skirt or in any kind of stocking. Good-looking silk stockings and the right-length skirt will flatter even faulty legs. Wartime stockings, combined with knee-length skirts, can

YOU have probably heard it said that if the male of the species had to have the babies there would never be more than one baby per man. The story of Adam seems to support this theory, and anyone who has studied that entrancing stone carving near the doorway of Sainte Chapelle in Paris, which depicts Adam giving birth to Eve while God looks on, will remember the expression on Adam's face which says more clearly than words, "Never again."

Civilisation undoubtedly makes life more pleasant, and yet you can't get away from the fact that the more civilised the country the harder becomes the business of having babies, and here in England the vast majority of women have to be under the care of doctors and midwives from the moment they suspect they are going to have a baby. Self-preservation has made this necessary.

For the preservation of the Empire it is now becoming necessary to enlist the woman-power of the country. Babies are no longer required of them; they must work all day and every day until the war is won, and if they are to work well then it is up to the medical profession to see that they are at the top of their form every single day. Backaches, headaches, stomach-aches and such will hamper any woman's work. In the past the attitude of the medical profession towards these disabilities was very light-hearted, and if a woman complained to her doctor she was usually told she must put up with this nonsense and nothing much could be done about it.

On Duty

Now that off days are likely to interfere with the national effort there is a sporting chance that the medical profession will give its mind to this subject, and when it does, the health and happiness of women will be greatly improved. Meantime, a little straight talking on the subject will hurt no one, and may help a great many young women who even in these enlightened days are remarkably ignorant about the facts of life.

Periodic pain is an extremely common trouble amongst all classes of girls and women. Authorities consider it probable that almost every woman suffers some sort of pain and lassitude on her off days. If this is sufficient to interfere with her work or enjoyment of life, then she ought to be able to procure sensible advice and relief. Actually, as things are now she may be able to get relief, but it's most unlikely she will get any sensible advice.

Generally speaking, these off-day disabilities can be divided into three categories—one, minor aches and pains, which may be a bore but (Continued on page 55)

In training for "Balloon Girls." The W.A.A.F.s are taking over some of the Balloon Barrage sites throughout the country, and this quartet are studying the construction of a Barrage Balloon from a useful scale model



Big Business

*Race, Creed, Class—A Trio which held
no Brief in this Duet of Sacrifice*



THE group captain passed the wine and bestowed an appraising glance on those who sat with him at the head of the table. They included the adjutant (who had been invalided from the Irish Guards), a Welshman, a Scot and an American guest. The conversation, which, as a result of a question asked by the guest, had turned to customs of the service, was now drifting towards the dangerous reefs of national characteristics as laid bare by the tide of war. He decided it was time to take the helm.

"There's nothing like war to stimulate racial animosities," he interposed.

"Conversely, of course, war can create eccentric combinations, partnerships guaranteed to raise problems for which answers will not be found in King's Regulations or Air Council instructions.

Leo, spitting a burst of profanity through his teeth, dashed back to Solly, picked him up and swiftly carried him into the dense jungle

Unfortunately, issues arising from race, creed or class, are almost certain to engender partisanship, and that, within a unit, doesn't make for smooth running. However, it sometimes happens that, far from evil, an action approaching the sublime may emerge. I could give you an example of the sort of affair I have in mind——"

"Go ahead," invited the American.

The group captain smiled. "You realise that you're asking me to sow the very seed I have just been deploring?"

"Oh, I think we're all past that sort of thing, sir," put in the adjutant.

The group captain shook his head. "No man is ever past the sort of thing I have in mind because it's born in him. Still, I'll tell you the story, which illustrates my point. But if any one comments, or otherwise indicates bias on one side or the other, he will incur my serious displeasure."

THE thing began, and, ended, on an aerodrome in Malaya, and it was started by what in the ordinary way would have been a perfectly harmless remark. It was made by one of my flight commanders, a lad named Leofric Tallebois, a superb pilot, and, incidentally, a peer of the realm, the title having just passed to him from his uncle, who was killed at Dunkirk. In the squadron at the time was a dark, slim, keen-eyed flying officer named Solomon—Isaac Solomon. He was a Jew, and, with the possible exception of Leofric, the best pilot on the aerodrome, although his flying was slick, rather than calculated, as was Leo's. On the ground he was a quiet, unassuming fellow with a racy sense of humour that helped to keep us cheerful through bad patches. I gathered—indeed, it was fairly obvious from his conversation—that before the war he had been associated with the turf, although in what capacity was not divulged. Tallebois was Leo to everybody; Solomon was Solly. They got on all right. Occasionally there was a spot of leg-pulling, but it was always good-natured.

I should mention, because it has some slight bearing on the story, that shortly before the events which I am about to narrate occurred, Leo may have saved Solly's life in peculiar circumstances. At no small risk to himself he took a running kick at a cobra that had curled up on Solly's bed. Another moment and Solly would have sat on it. Leo treated the matter as a joke, but Solly took a more serious view of it—he had a horror of snakes.

Some time later, an atrocity committed by the Nazis in one of the occupied countries—I forget what it was—caused Leo to express his opinion of invaders, land-grabbers and the like, with eloquent vituperation. Solly started laughing, and Leo, who had worked himself into a heat, demanded to be informed what the hell he found to laugh at. He also made the rather pointed observation that he, Solly, of all people, should know better.

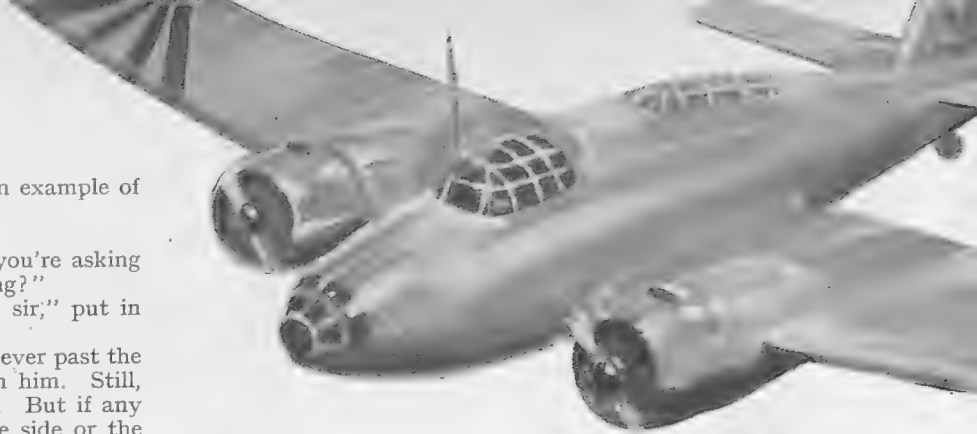
Solly continued to smile. "You don't know how right you are," he said.

"What do you mean by that?" inquired Leo, with a touch of hostility.

"Only this," returned Solly. "I heard it mentioned the other day that your family takes some pride in the fact that when the Norman gangster, subsequently styled the Conqueror, invaded Britain, your paternal ancestor was in the party. In other words, your august forbear did just what the Nazis are doing now." There was no malice in Solly's voice—not even a hint of sarcasm.

The unfortunate part of this remark was its undeniable truth, and it hit Leo a crack. He went a bit red in the face and asked Solly what that had got to do with him, anyway.

Solly, who by this time was a bit pale, replied that it had quite a lot



A Mitsubishi dropped out of the blue and circled over them

to do with him, because his family, the Solomons, had been settled in Britain some three centuries before the Normans jumped the Channel. If Leo cared to consult the Anglo-Saxon Chronicles in the Cottonian Manuscripts at the British Museum, he would find that the Solomons were landowners of importance. If he would then peruse the Exchequer Manuscripts known as Domesday Book, he would discover why the Solomons lost their property. They were dispossessed by the successful invader, who made his nephew, one Ivo Tailbois, Leo's ancestor, *tenant in capite* of the Solomon estate. Still, continued Solly, he wasn't complaining. The Solomons had managed to get along all right in spite of the Nazis of Normandy.

By this time the atmosphere in the mess was grim. Leo's face was a picture. Nobody spoke. The silence was the stomach-dropping hush that you strike when you bale out. Leo stared at Solly. Solly, with his smile frozen on his face, looked at Leo. To give them their due, they both kept themselves in hand.

Leo spoke first. He said, quite calmly: "What do you want me to do—give you the land back?"

Solly made a deprecatory movement with his hand. "Of course not," he answered. "You're better able to take care of it than I am. Had I wanted it I could have—er—bought it."

That was a subtle thrust, because it was common knowledge that the Tallebois finances were so low in the water that it only needed a ripple to sink the ship.

By the grace of God at that moment the alarm went, and we learned that the Japanese had struck. Inside three minutes we were in the air, heading north, looking for reported enemy troop transports. I must confess that in spite of the importance of the job on hand I couldn't divorce from my mind the scene in the mess, which had the makings of drama, although I couldn't decide whether it was tragedy or comedy. I had been watching the faces of the other officers. Some, by their amusement, indicated sympathy with Solly; others, by their indignation, clearly sided with Leo. I could see that it needed only one more word to split the squadron into two cliques.

Well, we found the transports a few miles off the coast, although by that time it was nearly dark. Unfortunately, too, they had a strong air escort, and the result was a pretty hot scramble that went on until the failing light put an end to operations. We went home independently, and there a check-up revealed that I'd lost three pilots—Leo, Solly and a sergeant. There was nothing I could do except wait, hoping that one, or perhaps all of them, had managed to reach the beach, and would be able to make the hundred-mile trek through the jungle to the base. It wasn't much of a hope.

We never learned what happened to the sergeant pilot, but a week later Leo—or what was left of him after the leeches and mosquitoes had taken tribute—staggered into camp. As soon as he had recovered sufficiently to talk he had a tale to tell. What had happened was this.

In the dogfight, somehow he had got separated from the rest of us, and, as always happens in such cases, the jackals had concentrated on the straggler. Naturally, Leo did all he knew, but there were too many of them, and presently one got his

Illustrated by Jack Faulks



The American looked puzzled. "What was it?" The group captain considered his wine thoughtfully. "Solomon's Seal," he answered quietly

engine. He started gliding down, making, of course, for the beach, while the Japs hung on, determined to finish him off, which they certainly would have done had not Solly arrived on the scene.

He arrived in sensational style. He didn't use his guns, but charged everything and everybody. Leo described his tactics as those of a Burmese buffalo when it gets the taint of a tiger. His best, and final, effort was to bite off with his air-screw the tail unit of an ambitious Nakajima fighter who was about to empty his guns at point-blank range into Leo's cockpit. Solly succeeded in crashing the Jap, thereby saving Leo's life, but unfortunately his airscrew got so bent chewing up the Nakajima that he had to cut his engine and go down.

The result of all this was that Solly and Leo hit the drink within a few yards

of each other about a quarter of a mile from the beach. Solly brought off a neat pancake landing, and floated, but Leo, whose machine had been so shot about that it was barely under control, struck the water hard. The aircraft capsized instantly, but he managed to get clear and swim over to Solly, who pulled him up on a wing. The tide was carrying them towards the beach so they decided to sit still and drift ashore. This was not altogether a matter of choice, because it turned out that Solly couldn't swim.

Leo, with the combat still uppermost in his mind, asked Solly why he had used his machine as a battering ram. Why hadn't he used his guns? Solly answered

that the chief reason was because there wasn't any ammunition in them. He had used it all. Leo looked hard at Solly and said: "Do you mean that you came back into that hell's kitchen without a bullet?" Solly admitted that this was so, but pointed out that as the enemy had been unaware of it, his presence had, he hoped, discouraged them from pressing Leo—whose predicament he had noticed—too hard.

Leo, without passion, called Solly several kinds of a fool, but thanked him for his superlative effort, which had put him in his debt to the tune of one life. This Solly promptly disputed, pointing out that the snake affair had put him in debt to Leo. He had simply tried to pay it off. There was nothing personal about it. It was a matter of business.

Leo flinched. "Why the hell must you bring business into everything?" he complained coldly. "This commercial complex of yours makes me sick."

Solly looked pained. "What's the matter with business?" he inquired plaintively. After all, somebody had to do business. It was business that made it possible in peace time for fellows like Leo to sit around and enjoy their huntin', shootin' and fishin'. On the other hand, he acceded, fellows of Leo's type, always ready to jump into the firing line, made it possible for men (Continued on page 60)

His best, and final, effort, was to bite off with his air-screw the tail-unit of an ambitious Nakajima fighter



Grey Hair Looks



A YOUNG face foiled in the cameo whiteness of prematurely grey hair, a head of hair bleached white overnight by unnatural shock or strain, these are the dramatic, more easily borne, phases of the silver hair problem.

Most women, however, have to suffer the creeping treachery of slowly greying hair. The startling discovery of the single white hair which is instantly uprooted; the later distressing realisation that the uprooted one has left a myriad of descendants; and then it comes, brindle, pepper-and-salt, not-quite-iron-grey, all the awful stages that may, if we are lucky, lead to a halo of silver.

The general rules for keeping the hair healthy and beautiful should, if obeyed, lessen any likelihood of greyness; and they should be followed at every stage of greying hair, at first to lessen the rapidity of greyness, then to keep the hair in good condition so that it looks its best, although not prepossessing in colour.

Hair is a living tissue and the more vitally it is kept alive, the less inclined it is to fall, become drab and grey. Your health, circulation, and the vitality of your scalp all directly influence the appearance of your hair. So do the foods you eat. Mineral salts

are necessary for the internal nourishment of the hair tissues, and the most important are sulphur, iodine and silicon. It was found, in a Baltic state, that fox furs were far more luxurious and beautiful if the foxes had been fed on fish, which contains iodine, as do all sea greens, oysters, cod liver oil, etc.

Other minerals for the hair are found in the peelings of apples, cucumbers and potatoes. An unpeeled apple has a certain amount of sulphur, silicon, iron and sodium, entirely lacking in a peeled apple. If you want to retard greyness, eat whole barley, oats, unpeeled apples and cucumbers, asparagus, cabbage and lettuce for silicon; if you cannot get sea products for iodine, take cod liver oil; eat cabbage, radishes, onions, cauliflower, carrots, apples and turnips for sulphur.

In addition to internal nourishment, apply external nourishment in the form of a good hair tonic, and hot oil applications. Brush your hair vigorously from nape to crown. Massage, also in an upward direction, until your scalp tingles. The blood flowing to the scalp carries with it the mineral salt contents you have carefully included in your diet, thus intensifying root nourishment.

The First White Hair. Having uprooted it, remember its location and immediately massage the spot with castor or olive oil, and continue this treatment regularly. This may be an isolated starvation area that will quickly produce a family of grey hairs if not treated.

The Family of White Hairs. Now is the time to take decisive action. A family quickly multiplies. Make sure that you are not suffering from headaches, bad eyesight, or ill-health. If your nerves are bad, take a good nerve tonic, and spend ten minutes each day in utter relaxation. Apply a tonic, home-made, of bay rum or eau-de-Cologne and castor oil, 4 oz. of the spirit to one of the oil. Feast on mineral salts.

Brindle. If you decide to fight it, take a monthly henna shampoo or application, or a tint application. Henna is only suitable for certain shades of brown hair, and with the present difficulty in finding henna powder or shampoos you may have to take a salon application treatment.

If you have one or two brindle patches such as those at temple or crown of head there is an excellent vegetable tint that is temporary, can be washed off, and is still obtainable in most shades of auburn, brown and black. It is not quite as satisfactory if you have to apply it all over your head.

For fair hair, a solution of camomile flowers boiled in a pint of water until it is condensed to half a pint, and then applied to the hair, should disguise the silver among the gold. While carrying out these camouflage duties do not forget to nourish the scalp and massage it well.

Pepper and Salt. A short advance on the brindle stage, this requires all the same treatments continued. You may, if you are still in your thirties or early forties, decide on a good permanent tint. This should always be done at a salon. We do not really advise this, but in some cases of a job to be done or a role to be played that will not allow a whisper of age to be heard, it is essential. Keep as near to your natural shade as possible.

Iron Grey. Away with tints and dyes. This shade of hair, if well groomed, can be almost as beautiful as silver. Shampoo your hair frequently now with a vitalising shampoo. Avoid any touch of careless rapture in your hair line. No matter what fashion you choose, from now on your hair must look perfectly groomed at all times. Wear purple, royals, bright blues, blue - greens, reds and rose if you are youngish. If you think you are too old for such colours, wear your blacks and greys, but have the gayer colours as accents.

Keep to a clear warm peach and cream make-up, avoiding all tan and orange tones here also. Rose lipstick and rouge on a pale powder foundation is the most flattering.

Silver Grey. When shampooing avoid anything that will tinge the silver with yellow. Try to have a blue rinse, if it is only from a blue bag. No bargain perms for the silver-grey head, this is another yellow peril. Do not use oil and brillian-tine on your hair. If you must have a dressing use toilet paraffin. Then brush your hair with a silk-covered brush—this will remove any excess paraffin and add to the lustre.

As with iron-grey hair, be very particular about your style, strands and wisps are far too witchy if the hair is silver. You can, if you like, especially if you are young, return to a suntan make-up, but for the majority, the peachés and cream rule holds. Avoid a too warm-toned foundation and keep to magnolia shades. If you are over forty-five, don't have too vivid a lipstick. Young silvers should keep to dramatic bright colours in their dress.

Once you are silver-grey, avoid, even if you are a grandmother, anything dowdy, and dress, move and act dramatically. You have never had a better build up in your life.

These Must Be Shining

(too often they are dim)

TEETH. White and sparkling, these are a first-line beauty asset. Dull and filmy, they give away at least 50 per cent. of your charm.

Not all teeth are born dazzling white. It is a constitutional matter to do with the mineral salts in the body. Teeth may not be dazzling white but all can sparkle prettily if they are healthy and free of tartar and film.

Brushing alone does not remove these troubles. You may not even suspect film on your teeth.

Excess acid in the system forms tartar which must be removed professionally at least once every six months, preferably each three months. The dentist will, at the same time, clean up the teeth and start you off clean. Most tooth-pastes are satisfactory, but whatever you choose, use a mild, bleaching mouth-wash as well. Peroxide of hydrogen or Milton are equally good. Milk of magnesia is effective in neutralising excess acid in the system. Taken regularly it will have a marked effect upon the tartar which forms on the teeth. Tooth-paste containing magnesia is also beneficial and helps to keep the teeth healthily sparkling.

HAIR. Shining hair is healthy hair. When the gloss of health departs it is perhaps because excretions of the scalp are forming a film over the hair, obscuring its sheen, or because the flow of natural oil in the hair is obstructed, rendering the hair dry and harsh.

General health is reflected sharply in the condition of the hair. You cannot have shining tresses if you are out of sorts. On the other hand, hair dullness is sometimes due to a lack of daily attention.

Regular washing keeps the scalp clean and free from congestion. There is no truth at all in the belief that too much washing is harmful and drying. Any ill-effects which seem to accrue from washing the hair at short intervals are due to imperfect cleansing agents used. It helps the pores of the skin to function. Harsh cleansing agents detract from the good that the washing does and some thick setting-lotions spread a sticky film over the hair, which obscures the sheen and prevents the hair from breathing.

A good circulation is the best guarantee of healthy, shining hair. Daily massage with the tips of the fingers, so that the skin upon the scalp is gently moved about, is very likely to restore the natural gloss.

EYES. Eyes are supposed to shine for romantic reasons, but hard facts suggest that the shining emanates from more prosaic sources—the digestive system.

Bright eyes come from good health and a clean inner system. Discoloration of the whites of the eyes is commonly traceable to disorders of the liver. A wholesome diet, rich in green vegetables, roughage, such as wholemeal bread, porridge or other cereals, and a copious amount of fluid, preferably water, will produce that healthy sparkle without which the most intriguing shape and colouring are wasted. If you find it difficult to drink ice-cold water take it at blood heat. This way you can drink twice the quantity without the least discomfort.

Sufficient sleep and outdoor exercise are contributing factors in cultivating bright and shining eyes. An occasional eye-bath with Optrex is good, because it removes infinitesimal grains of dust and tones up the delicate membranes around the lids.

SHOES. If you have difficulty in keeping up a high polish standard it may be because your polishing efforts are not sufficiently thorough.

Use a hard brush for the preliminary cleaning. Don't be tempted to apply polish over dirt. Apply the polish liberally and go into all the cracks, because shoe polish is designed to preserve the leather equally as much as to polish it.

Give plenty of elbow-grease to the final brushing and go over the surface again with a pad of velvet or chamois. Always put shoes away on trees after wearing. It prevents those deep cracks and wrinkles from forming across the toes. Once the surface of the leather is disfigured in this way you cannot get a satisfactory gloss.

JEWELS. Few women think of polishing up their jewellery, yet its beauty and effectiveness are vastly enhanced by doing so. Don't be timid about cleaning your valuable rings. Precious stones are far tougher than you think.

Scrub your diamond ring with very hot soapy water and a soft nail-brush if the stones have got filmed over. Dip ornaments of gold or silver into hot suds and dry them thoroughly with a chamois leather. Rinse clean. Afterwards polish brooches, watches, bangles and geegaws with jeweller's rouge on a piece of chamois leather.





These Must Be Dull

(too often they are glossy)

SKIN. One thing that shines persistently when beauty demands that it should be softly matt is the skin. Why should skin be so awkward?

The answer is much the same as for hair. Unhealthy conditions under the surface are the main fault. All healthy skins secrete oil, but if the glands concerned are, for any reason, over-active, the amount of oil secreted is more than the pores of the skin can comfortably use. Thus there is a surplus deposit forced out on to the surface. This is the secret of shine around the nose, on the nose, the brow, the temples, the chin.

So you must ensure that the pores remain free and uncongested. Keep the skin scrupulously clean. Use a non-greasy foundation, a good powder. Regular massage stimulates the circulation and keeps the under-skin machinery functioning as it should. Professional massage is, naturally, the best, but you can get good results at home if you know how. We can send you an explanatory massage routine.

Open pores go with a shiny skin. These indicate congestion under the surface, and a mild astringent is helpful, though it cannot permanently close distended pores until surplus secretion has been drawn out.

ELBOWS AND SEATS. Dark woollen cloth finally changes its complexion from matt to glossy where the hardest wear comes. That is at elbows and seats. Sponge over the parts with a mixture of ammonia and warm water and press well on the wrong side with a damp cloth.

ACCESSORIES. Daily attention with a rubber brush before shine sets in is helpful. Use a circular motion to restore the nap and when the condition has got really bad hold the shoe in the steam of a kettle and apply the brush. Occasionally it helps to use a piece of emery paper. Use it persuasively, not too energetically. Treat gloves and handbags in the same way.

GLOVES AND HANDBAGS. These need exactly the same daily attention as suede shoes if they are to be kept immaculate. Use a rubber brush for both to remove dust, and steam the surface to restore the nap when polish begins to set in.

STOCKINGS. There is not much you can do to banish the shine of some rayon stockings, but wearing them inside out renders it less noticeable. Fringe around the heel-piece, which sometimes shows on the wrong side, can be very carefully sheared off.

LEGS. Now is the time to attack the problem of shiny legs, which are partly caused by toasting in front of the fire through the winter. Rub a little skin-food into the front of the calves every night for a week. This will relieve the dryness of the skin which causes the shine.

And in the home

Windows and Mirrors. A little ammonia added to the water with which windows and mirrors are washed makes cleaning easier and encourages a high polish.

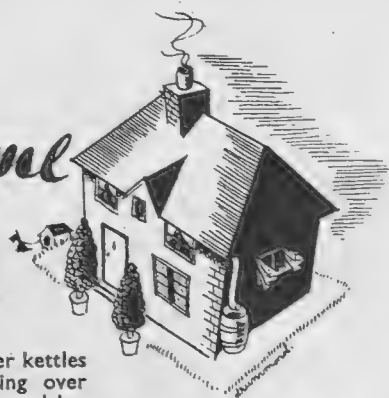
Copper. Jugs and ornaments and copper kettles can be kept bright continually by rubbing over occasionally with a little sweet oil. If the metal has been allowed to tarnish, wash it first in hot water, then make a mixture of salt and vinegar and rub over the surface with a flannel. Wash off the vinegar and finish with metal polish.

Brass. When brass ornaments are chased, wash them in hot soapy water and thoroughly scrub with a stiff nail-brush. Finish with metal polish.

Silver. To give a high polish to silverware, mix ordinary whitening with methylated spirit. Rub on to the surface of the plate and let it dry before polishing.

Furniture. Cold beer is an excellent wash for oak furniture. Dry it off with a soft clean cloth and the natural gloss of the wood will be visible.

Glass. Vases and decanters can be given a high polish inside and out by using a solution of salt and vinegar. Swish the liquid about inside the vessel, and if there are stains to remove, use a swab made with a stick on to the end of which a soft cloth has been attached.



CLOTHES



In the first flush of coupon-saving, we added touches, we renovated, we devised different faces for our existing clothes. This was well, as far as it went. Sometimes it went too far. Meanwhile, we have learnt that while variety is desirable, new touches must be made with restraint, for even monotony is preferable to bitty-ness. Brisk accents, a well-placed frill, yes. But change for the sake of change, no. Be resourceful. But, unless your aim is to emulate the boring over-enthusiast for his game or hobby, don't be too resourceful.

Now. If you are fortunate enough to have enough coupons over for some new spring clothes, you can see some of the new trends on these pages. (There is nothing so new that last year's or two-year-old clothes need feel out of it.) Particularly characteristic of this year is the bracelet-length sleeve, eminently becoming, but never to be worn under anything but a bell-sleeved coat.

Hartnell, one of our prime fashion-makers in peace and war, has ever told the story of the suave, sleek line. He sticks to it (see the braided net on the facing page). He sponsors a new, slipping collar line. (No. 2, facing page.) Narrow hips and slender waists will look their prettiest in the new sweater dresses. Dress tipsters have long been forecasting sloping shoulders, but my hunch tells me women will never go wholeheartedly for them, except in rare cases when they are a hint rather than a fact, as in No. 5, opposite. Bunchy, exaggerated shoulders certainly mean nothing to-day, but good built-out shoulder-width on suits, coats, woollen and afternoon dresses continues to be the most figure-flattering trick of our times.

If you can dispense with eye-shadowing hats, you might consider all the funny new revolutionary shapes that are around. Some of the wide, wavy-brimmed halos, flopping down at the back, may look at first sight as if only a Rita Hayworth could wear them and retain her poise. But you will find they only need getting used to, like the little sailor-boy berets, the brow and hair-revealing halos, and pill-boxes worn far back, instead of tilting over the brow.

Be ready to break into superlative adjectives over the utility clothes now seeping into the shops. Styles and materials could not be better. Prices, Government controlled, are low, values high.

By Jean Burnup
Editor Women's Department

Any country girl's three-piece jersey outfit in a challenging colour combine, coppery-rust skirt and bib, deep duck-egg blue shirt. Bibless, the shirt is seen to have a trim tucked front, a breast patch pocket. *Wolsey model.*



American variation of the jersey shirt-waist dress. Open throated, and dressy, with its new length, cuffed bell sleeve, gathered front fulness, and the colour—flame. The profile beret in brushed beaver is flame, too, accented with a bow and two pheasant's feathers.



Studded with chunks of black jet, black jet fringe marking the low sweater bodice line, bell sleeves, a cross-over draped bodice, this black rayon number climbs right into the glamour class. *Spectator model.*



1. The front of this navy woolen shows a small turn-over collar with zigzag points, a high two-button fastening, an irregular yoke line and gathered fulness over the breasts. The back of the skirt fulness buttons to a band, like a child's romper suit. Collar, belt, yoke seam, turned-back cuffs are embroidered in fine red wool. *Rahvis.*

2. A new open neckline—showing, says the designer, a high-wayman influence—distinguishes a sharply waisted coat in deep copper-brown tweed with flat copper buttons, a copper and turquoise scarf. *Hartnell.*

3. Heroic check tweed suit, green and terracotta on a fawn and brown ground. The wrist-length belted jacket carries heroic pockets, too, from centre front to side seams. Terracotta flower-pot buttons on pockets, across chest. The skirt flares slightly. *Victor Stebel, at Jacqmar.*

4. Black braid on black net, following the figure as tightly as it can, a small inset collar, black leather belt. *Hartnell.*

5. Sealing-wax-red mousseline dinner dress, with deep armholes from the waist, features a wide-draped sash-belt, and tiny tucks marking the princess-seam lines. Bracelet and necklace of square sealing-wax-red stones are applied at throat and wrist. *Jacqmar.*

Children, Home And



A sitting-room designed for grown-ups and children to share. In decorating it the aim has been to play for safety without sacrificing either comfort or colour interest.

The washable walls are a warm yellow, the carpet a rich olive-green which matches the practical wool frieze upholstery. Tomato-red damask curtains are thrown into relief with cream washable muslin.

Lampshades are yellow with touches of tomato; the flap table has its own lighting from a lamp safely situated on a bracket. Every piece of furniture is solidly based. Decorative detail is well out of reach.

It is easy to take up a defeatist attitude about furniture when there are rampageous children in the house, but psychologically and in every way children must benefit from daily contact with cheerful and beautiful things. We renounce the pleasure of pretty things in the home "because you can't have nice things with children around." Yet what we and the children miss by doing so is incalculable.

It is plain to any practical intelligence, of course, that film-star furnishings are not for the mother of a family, but to be strictly practical in decoration is by no means the same thing as to be dull.

You may think that the alternative is to keep the children in their own compound, but no real home will tolerate this, even if there is room which, in to-day's circumstances, there never is.

So, to enjoy the best of both worlds, we must be pretty and practical at the same time.

The whole question resolves itself into a studied anticipation of children's habits around the house, into a cohesive plan for keeping up appearances without imposing unreasonable strain upon the children or the home.

For a start, it is a mistake to forego the charm and the stimulation of colour in decoration. The point lies in where and how the colouring is used.

By confining the brightest colour effects to backgrounds and using the more durable colours in the places that get the hardest wear, it is possible to have attractive colour schemes in every room.

Walls are vulnerable we know, but there are many kinds of washable wall effects. Washable distemper is one of them, glossy paint another. This last is not a conventional method of wall treatment, except for kitchens and bathrooms, but it is highly decorative, gives back glowing reflections from lamp and firelight, and often makes a rich background for flowered cretonnes.

Wallpapers are likely to be difficult while the war continues, but bear in mind the washable variety for later on. These were coming along nicely when the war began and bear no relation to the dreary, varnished papers that we associate with lavatories and kitchens.

Oak or pine woodwork is far more attractive in its natural colouring than stained or painted the inevitable brown, and puts up an equally good resistance to trouble.

If you give your mind to the invention of dashing but practical colour schemes for rooms that children are to share in, there are plenty of good alternatives. Cream, washable walls are attractive with navy-blue paint, navy-blue chair covers, and incidental touches of fuchsia or rich pink.

Yellow walls are thrown into pleasant relief by woodwork painted olive-green, with tomato-red accessories for light relief.

Another effective and unusual combination is deep cream for walls, with jet-black, glossy paint for doors and skirtings, and ruby-red fabrics.

Loose chair covers have their obvious advantages, because they can be removed as often as necessary for cleaning, but it is advisable that the fabric for these should be of substantial weight. Covers that crumple never seem to look tidy, even when they are not crumpled. Lightweight fabrics, of course, crumple easily.

A durable wool frieze is hard to beat for chair covers. If it is plain and dark, you can let yourself go with curtain fabrics, the background of which should match the colouring of the chair covers with strong colour effects in the design.

Hearty, bouncing children are tough on chairs and settees, and no economy is more worth while than that of buying the best quality possible. Good springs, frames and stuffing stand up to years of harsh treatment, and can be re-covered again and again without detriment to the outline. Extraneous decoration must be ruthlessly

Beauty

By Winifred Lewis

denied in rooms where children live. Occasional pieces of furniture, except those that are absolutely necessary, bits and pieces of ornamentation and everything that is not solidly balanced, are a source of nervous irritation to the grown-ups and of certain disaster to the children.

A room free of this type of ornamentation can still be charming, so long as the things are in themselves well proportioned, beautifully coloured and discreetly mated with their fellows.

A room in which children can be happy must give them sufficient floor space. Nothing that can be easily overturned will pass. If occasional tables are used to break up the bareness of the floor space, they should be of a stable type and too high for little children to reach with ease.

Lamps are such a satisfying source of colour and decoration that they must be used and can be if they are sufficiently weighty not to be easily overturned.

Floor coverings probably take the hardest wear. For comfort, carpet is indispensable in the living-room, but in the dining-room, where food droppings are the big menace, linoleum is a better choice.

In this country, the average linoleum-covered floor is hardly ever glamorous, but some very beautiful and distinguished effects can be achieved by using linoleum in the way the most modern decorators do.

A perfectly plain coloured surface with inset border of another colour looks good. Sometimes medallions of a different colouring are laid in upon a plain surface. There are star effects, and many others which are far removed in their appearance from lino as the average home regards it.

Laid over a cushioning felt, this linoleum is soft to the tread, clean, practical and very durable. With soft wool rugs scattered upon it, it makes the ideal covering for the dining-room or children's bedrooms and is particularly effective in halls.

However scientifically furnishings may have been planned for children, reasonable discipline will go a long way towards making the plan a success. Children should

not be caged, but if they are encouraged by daily habit to be tidy and to keep their more high-spirited outburst for the safer zones, it will all come without effort, and the home will benefit.

Tidiness is not a virtue that some children happen to be endowed with and others not. It is a habit carefully fostered. By gently insisting from the very start that they put their toys away after them, they will finally do it happily and without a second thought. It comes naturally to tidy the bathroom after use if they have always done so, but, of course, this is only possible when everything they own has a proper place.

Children have a strong sense of possessiveness and, where there are several of them, it helps to give each of them a cupboard in which personal things can be kept without fear of interference. This applies to toys, to sports equipment and to clothes as well.

A playroom is ideal if it can be arranged, because it gives them absolute freedom to romp and rampage without restraint.

In the summer, the garden is their playroom, but even here children are often not at ease. Unless the ground, or at least part of it, is planned to give them the maximum freedom, they are bound to feel caged.

There is no doubt that a charming background in the home has a psychological value to children and is a source of personal pride. To give them this happiness free of irksome restraint is worth while in their own interests, as much as our own.



A practical bed for a boy, with painted wood sides. A blanket cover with brilliant stripes in brown and yellow and a highly-coloured railway poster create interest against the background of deep yellow walls.

Nursery with details worth copying. Each cupboard is labelled with its owner's name. A black-board frieze is a splendid way of circumventing the urge to draw where drawing is forbidden.

Walls and ceilings are painted with the same high-gloss colouring as the doors in this girl's bedroom (top right). The shade is peach and all are washable. The furniture is unstained oak.



Zigzag Sweater

**A CHANCE TO
USE UP ODD
BITS OF WOOL**

MATERIALS

3 ozs. 3-ply La Laine Beauty Pink; 1 oz. 3-ply green; 2 ozs. 3-ply Jubilee blue; 1 oz. 3-ply royal blue; Nos. 9 and 11 needles.

MEASUREMENTS

Round bust, 34 ins.; sleeve seam, 7 ins.; length, 20 ins.

TENSION

7 st. and 10 rows to 1 in.

THE BACK

With No. 11 needles and pink wool, cast on 91 st. Work all k. for 6 rows. Now work as follows: *k. twice into first st., k. 6, k. 2 tog., k. 6 repeat from * 5 more times, ending k. twice into last st. (92 st.).

2nd row.—P. 7*, p. 2 tog. p. 6 p. into next st. but do not s. off needle, put wool to back as if to k. and k. into back of st., and s. off needle (this is knitting twice into one st.). P. 6, repeat from * 4 more times, ending p. 8 (91 st. again). Repeat these 2 rows until there are 3 ins. from longest points. Now change to No. 9 needles and Jubilee blue wool, and continue pattern, making stripes of 8 rows blue, 8 rows green, 4 rows royal blue, and 8 rows pink, all up.

After the first pale blue stripe has been worked, m. 1 st. at beg. and end of row, and every 4th row after, until there are 111 st. (not making the Zigzag pattern any wider, but just working the extra st. in stocking-st. stripes).

Work on with 111 st. until there are 12 ins. up side seam. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row until there are 91 st. again. Work straight until armholes are 5½ ins. round curve. Change to No. 11 needles and pink wool, and do not work the pattern, but stocking st. for 2½ ins., measured from lowest points of this pink band. Cast off 7 st. at beg. of every row 8 times, leaving 35 st. Cast off.

FRONT

Work as back until there are 6 rows of pink yoke worked. Now work 38, cast off 15, work 38. K. 2 tog. at neck edge on every row until there are 28 st. Work (Continued on p. 62)

ABBREVIATIONS

K.=knit; *p.*=purl; *m.*=make; *s.*=slip; *st.*=stitch or stitches;
tog.=together; *beg.*=beginning.

Dress for a Girl

**IT LOOKS LIKE
A WELL-CUT SUIT**

MATERIALS

18 ozs. Sirdar Boucle wool; matching wool for sewing; Nos. 8 and 10 needles; 6 buttons.

MEASUREMENTS

Round bust, 32 ins.; hips, 32 ins.; sleeve seam, 17 ins.; length, 38 ins.

TENSION

6 st. and 8 rows to 1 in.

THE BACK

With No. 8 needles, cast on 174 st. Work stocking st. for 6 ins. Now decrease as follows: *K. 4, k. 2 tog., repeat from * to end of row, ending k. 2 tog. (145 st.). Work 4 ins. straight. Now work the decreasing row again, ending k. 1 (121 st.). Work 4 ins. straight. Work a decreasing row as follows: *K. 6, k. 2 tog., repeat from * to end, ending k. 1 (106 st.). Now k. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every 6th row until there are 78 st.

Change to No. 10 needles and continue straight until work measures 27 ins. Now change to No. 8 needles and M. 1 st. at beg. and end of every 3rd row until there are 104 st. Work a few ins. straight to make side seam measure 6½ ins. since first increase. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row until there are 80 st. Work straight until armhole measures 8 ins. round curve. Cast off 7 st. at beg. of next 8 rows, leaving 24 st. Cast off.

THE FRONT

Work as back until you have decreased to 80 st. Now work on 38 st. only (leaving other st. on holder) (Continued on p. 62)



The alarm clock sounds the start of a new day, a day of all-out war endeavour. Whether you are a member of one of the Services, a factory worker, a sedentary worker—Service or civil—or a housewife trying to do twice the work with half the help, you are going to tax the endurance powers of your body in various ways. Yet your very absorption in your tasks may make you neglect the welfare of your body until it becomes too tired to carry on, and you let it sleep.

It is not enough to attend to the elementary needs of your body such as sleeping and eating. There are a number of simple and easily acquired daily habits that will give your body a better chance of health and strength.

How many people even get into the correct habit rhythm for the essential eating, sleeping and eliminating functions of their body?

You throw yourself into bed when you are tired; eat whatever your palate fancies of the things obtainable, when it is mealtime; and if you are careless about elimination, neglect your body's warning on this matter.

When you wake, get the habit of pulling your body into activity by a series of slow cat-like stretches in bed; this will wake your muscles, blood-stream, tissues and thoroughly prepare the body for getting up. If you have had sufficient sleep, you should be ready to start the day's routine immediately, without any reluctant sluggishness.

HABITS that mean HEALTH

Once up, drink your first glass of water for the day. It takes less than sixty seconds to get a glass, fill it with water and drink it. If necessary, have a water bottle beside your bed, it will take even less seconds then. Six of these glasses spaced between meals during the day will give you one of the most important health habits of your life.

You take great care to keep the exterior of your body clean, and forget all about the more important interior on which your whole health and maybe length of life, depends. Liver, kidneys, bowels—all can be kept healthy by the cleansing, regular intake of fresh water between meals. Don't count tea, coffee or other liquids as cleansers. They are not.

Even quick, simple toning exercises seem to tax human will-power beyond its capabilities; but if you can spartan yourself into five or ten minutes of them (the routine will depend on your daily activities) you will speed the energy and activate the mental powers of your body. A comedian who suffered agonies of nervousness on first nights always won complete command of his mind and body by skipping furiously for a minute or so before going on stage.

Dress as quickly as you like, but when you approach breakfast, relax. If you are in a hurry, curtail your amount of breakfast rather than the amount of chewing you give to each mouthful. One or two slices of National toast thoroughly

masticated and taken in a peaceful frame of mind are better than a large breakfast eaten in a flurry, swallowed without thought and left to lie heavily on your chest as you race away.

A brisk walk after breakfast is not harmful, but do try to give yourself time to avoid a wild rush, and do not, as quite a few men do, plan to take your day's exercise by a jog-trot run to the train or bus. You have just finished eating and your blood should concentrate in and around your digestive organs to help them with their work. Running and scurrying will pulse the blood rapidly through your whole body. After meals is the one time of the day when this is not beneficial.

Catch your bus or train quietly. If you walk or cycle all the way to your day's occupation, do so with relaxed swinging movements. Never try to read in a crowded ill-lit vehicle, and if you have to travel in a smoky crowded bus or train, and have an interior job, factory or office, it really is essential that you alight a short distance from your work and finish the journey with a brisk walk, taking in deep, rib-stirring breaths all the while.

If this is absolutely impossible, at least take the breaths before going inside to the more or less stuffy interior atmosphere. If not you will have a pocket of foul air at the bottom of your lungs, poisoning your energies all day. Oxygen gives you life and energy and you can only get oxygen from fresh air. Those factory workers who contact fumes should pay particular attention to this.

During the morning, make it your business to get two more glasses of water. You can take them together if this will save you a little time.

A housewife is about the only worker who will not have a monotony of actions during the day. Whatever your work-time physical routine try and reverse this at lunch time. If you have been physically active all the morning, relax and rest during your lunch hour. If you have been sitting, or standing still (this is tiring but is not physical activity) have your lunch and then a brisk stimulating walk. No matter what your job, get into any sunshine that there is about on spring, summer and autumn days.

Lunch, like all other meals, should be chosen wisely. Thousands of workers fill themselves with starch—rolls, suet puddings, pastry, beans or noodles on toast, buns, cakes, pies, puddings—all have a too-large starch content to be taken together. If you have a hot mid-day meal do not choose meat pudding, potatoes as the only vegetable, roll and a starchy sweet. Do your utmost to vary your diet.

Salads, the finest vitamin balancers for any meal are included on many more menus nowadays and will be even more so as summer approaches.

During the afternoon remember your fourth glass of water.

The housewife, racing from one job to another all day, should make it her habit to have at least half an hour in the afternoon with her feet up and her mind off her household problems. (Continued on page 62)

When you wake, do a series of slow, cat-like stretches in bed.



Always finish your journey with a brisk walk



If your job is sedentary, get the deep breathing habit outside

By Chrysis

If you want help with your beauty troubles or further details of anything mentioned in the article on opposite page, write to me at Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1



Have Them

Let your bread be wheatmeal, and let it be at least a day old. Let the griller or toaster or fire be really hot first, so that the toast can be done quickly and evenly. If your griller habitually produces rocky, slowly-made toast, try putting hot water in the grill-pan before you start. The rising steam will keep the toast nicely moist but at the same time does not allow it to become soggy.

HARICOT APPLE

- | | |
|---|---------------------------|
| $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. cooked haricot beans; | Mustard, salt and pepper; |
| 2 apples, stewed; or left-over apple sauce; | 4 bacon rashers. |

Pass beans through a sieve and mix with apples, a little made mustard and seasoning. Fry the bacon and keep hot while you heat up the bean mixture in the fat. Arrange bacon on hot toast and pile the mixture on top.

BEAN SAVOURY

- | | |
|------------------------------------|----------------------|
| 1 can baked beans in tomato sauce; | 1 oz. grated cheese; |
| | Mixed spice. |

Put beans in a saucepan, adding cheese and a dash of spice. Make piping hot and serve on toast.

FISH AND MUSHROOMS

- | | |
|-------------------------------|---|
| 2 cups cooked flaked fish; | Lemon substitute; |
| A few mushrooms; | $\frac{1}{2}$ pint white sauce; |
| 1 oz. margarine or other fat; | Salt and pepper; |
| | 1 tablespoonful chopped parsley (optional). |

Sprinkle a few drops of lemon substitute on the flaked fish. Make fat hot and cook fish and mushrooms (sliced) together for about twelve minutes. Add parsley to sauce and pour over, hot. Pile on hot toast.

SAVOURY SPINACH

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1 lb. spinach; | 1 Oxo cube; |
| 2 oz. flour; | 1 oz. margarine or other fat; |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ pint vegetable water; | Salt and pepper; |
| | Little mayonnaise (if available). |

Wash spinach and put into pan with salt and pepper. Cook until soft, drain well and sieve. Melt margarine in pan; add flour, mixing well, and cook a few minutes.

Add vegetable water and boil up. Dissolve Oxo cube in a little of the hot vegetable water and add, stirring. Reheat spinach in the sauce, mix well and pile on toast, which you have spread with mayonnaise.

CURRIED CAULIFLOWER

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|--|
| Sprigs of cooked cauliflower; | 1 dessertspoonful curry powder; |
| A few sultanas, raisins or currants; | 1 oz. flour; |
| 1 small apple; | Salt and pepper; |
| Little minced onion or shallot; | $\frac{1}{2}$ pint cauliflower or other stock; |
| | Jam or chutney. |

Put stock in saucepan with apple (peeled and sliced) and sultanas, and cook till soft. Mix curry powder with flour, moisten with a little stock and blend to a cream. Add to the saucepan and stir until thick. Season.

Put in the cauliflower, and cook until hot through. Spread hot toast with jam or chutney before piling curry on it.



ARTICHOKE CHEESE

- | | |
|---|------------------------|
| Left-over Jerusalem artichokes (or turnips, parsnips or carrots); | 2 oz. cheese; |
| | Pepper, salt, mustard; |
| | Bacon fat for frying. |
- Slice artichokes and fry lightly in the hot fat. Add a little made mustard, salt and pepper, and mix well.
- Grate the cheese over, and the moment it has melted, pile on hot toast.

BRAINS ON TOAST

- | | |
|-----------------------------|------------------|
| Brains from a sheep's head; | Dash of vinegar; |
| 1 gill mustard sauce; | Salt and pepper; |
| | Chopped parsley. |

Wash brains in salted water and remove fibre. Tie in a piece of muslin and cook gently for ten to fifteen minutes in some salted water. Lift out, remove skin and chop up. Pile on hot toast. Sprinkle with pepper. Add a dash of vinegar to mustard sauce and pour over the brains. Decorate with chopped parsley.

MINCE COLLOPS

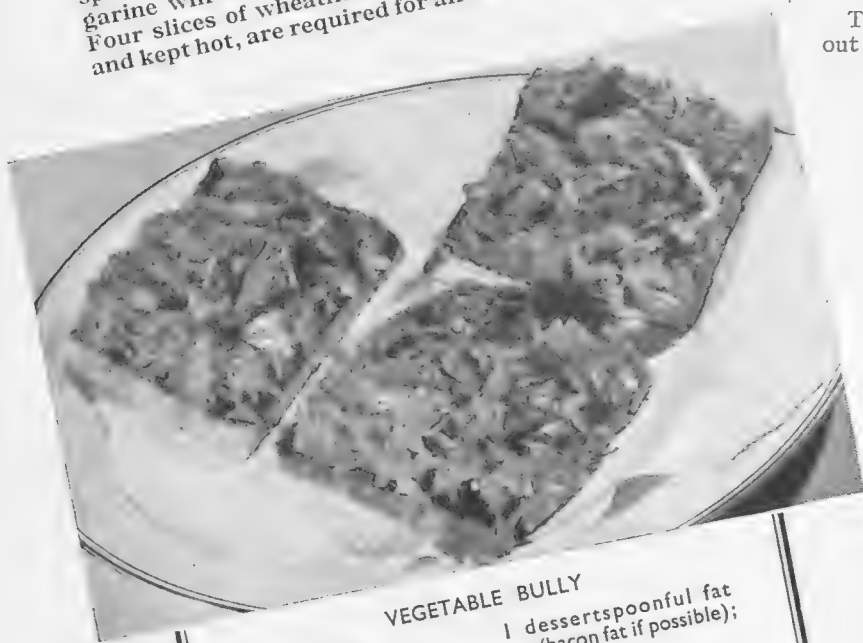
- | | |
|--|---------------------------------|
| $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. left-over meat; | Little vinegar; |
| 1 onion or leek; | Salt and pepper; |
| 1 tablespoonful margarine or other fat; | 1 tablespoonful coarse oatmeal; |
| 6 tablespoonfuls vegetable stock or water; | Sliced gherkins (optional). |

Put meat through mincer. Chop onion finely and fry in margarine until cooked but not brown. Add meat,

On Toast

By Harriet Muir

In the absence of margarine, a spread of dripping will add nourishment to most of the dishes described here. Margarine for spreading can be eked out by mixing a teaspoonful with mashed potato. A savoury potted paste spread thinly on the toast instead of margarine will add zest to a vegetable mixture. Four slices of wheatmeal toast, ready spread and kept hot, are required for all these recipes.



VEGETABLE BULLY

1 large potato;
1 large carrot;
3 to 4 oz. corned beef.
1 dessertspoonful fat
(bacon fat if possible);

Scrub and grate potato and carrot. Add them to a pan in which you put the fat, with a very little water, salt and pepper. Cook for five minutes. Now add corned beef, chopped, and heat through. Pile on toast.

stirring, and then stock and a dash of vinegar. Scatter in the oatmeal and cook very slowly. See that it does not burn and add more stock if necessary. It will be done in twenty to thirty minutes. Add salt and pepper and pile on hot toast. Decorate with sliced gherkin.

SAVOURY SNACK

$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. cold cooked rice;
3 oz. minced ham, Spam
or other cooked meat;
1 small onion or leek;
1 oz. margarine or other
cooking fat;
Dash Worcester sauce;
Salt and pepper;
Chopped parsley (optional).

Chop onion or leek (if leek, include green part), finely, and fry without browning in the fat.

Add the rice, meat, Worcester sauce and seasoning, and cook all together until thoroughly hot. Pile on toast, and decorate with chopped parsley or chervil.

BAKED SARDINES ON TOAST

1 tin sardines;
Lemon substitute;
4 half slices of toast;
Chopped parsley;
A little chopped onion or
garlic;
Pepper (red if possible) and
salt.

Drain off the oil from the tin into a small saucepan. Dispose sardines on the toast which has been spread with

margarine, and arrange in a greased baking tin. Cook the oil for a few minutes with a dash of the lemon substitute, some chopped parsley, pepper and a little salt and the chopped onion. Pour the hot oil over the sardines and bake about ten minutes basting frequently with the oil. Serve hot with watercress.

FRENCH TOAST

1 egg;
Pinch of salt;
4 slices of bread (stale bread may be used).
1 cup milk;
Little fat for frying;

This is a useful nursery dish which allows you to share out one egg between four.

Beat the egg in a shallow dish. Add milk and salt. Dip each slice of bread in the mixture, turning so that both sides are covered with it. Meanwhile make the fat hot in a frying pan. Fry the slices till golden brown. They can be served, if liked, with sugar, honey or syrup.

For a more substantial dish make a sandwich with two thin slices of bread, putting a thin layer of cheese between. Dip in egg mixture and fry as before.

ECONOMICAL WELSH RAREBIT

1 oz. of flour or cornflour;
1 teacup of boiling milk (milk
powder can be used);
 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of grated cheese;
1 teaspoonful mustard;
Salt and pepper;
Toast and margarine.

Mix the flour with a little cold water and stir into the boiling milk. Add cheese and mustard, seasoning to taste. Pour on to the toast which has been spread with margarine and serve with green vegetables.

SALTED COD ON TOAST

4 oz. cooked wet salted cod;
1 tablespoonful chutney;
Salt and pepper;
1 tablespoonful white sauce;
Dash of tomato sauce;
Toast and margarine.

First flake the fish and mix in the white sauce. Add salt and pepper and the tomato sauce, and heat in a saucepan. When hot, pile on hot toast spread with margarine. Put a little chutney on each. Serve very hot.

In case you didn't know

When fat is scarce, poach fish in a little milk instead of frying it. Household milk powder, mixed to half the usual strength, does admirably for this. Shake pan well, as it is more likely to catch than fresh milk.

Sprats can be grilled without fat. Just cut off heads, wash and dry well before putting in the tin under the griller.

Add a dash of nutmeg to boiled spinach before serving.

In these days of fuel economy, never let fur accumulate in the kettle. A square piece cut from an ordinary loofah and changed when it becomes encrusted with lime will keep the kettle clean.

Last-war tip for fuel saving when cooking dried lentils, peas and beans was to soak as usual, then put in a piece of muslin which was tied to the handle of a saucepan lid, so that lentils, slung under the lid, could be cooked in the steam from the saucepan used for boiling pudding or stock.

To make scrambled eggs or omelette mixture go further, add cold cooked rice before cooking.

In Your Vegetable Garden

Lettuce, radishes, mustard and cress, peas, beans, and many of the root vegetables can have monthly plantings in order to keep your supply a steady stream. Many of the vegetables tabulated will last right into the winter and next spring, and, counting the ones you can store, this six months will almost give a year's vegetable supply.

MARCH	SOW BROAD BEANS. SHALLOTS. POTATOES (EARLY). PARSNIPS. JERUSALEM ARTICHOKES. ONIONS. SPINACH. PEAS (EARLY). LETTUCE, LEEKS, BRUSSELS SPROUTS. Rows 9 in. apart, seeds 2 in. deep, 6 in. apart. Rows 12 in. apart, setts 1 in. deep, 6 in. apart. Rows 2 ft. apart, setts 5 in. deep, 1 ft. apart. Rows 15 in. apart, seeds 1 in. deep, 6 in. apart. Rows 2 ft. apart, setts 3 in. deep, 12 in. apart. Rows 1 ft. apart, seeds 1 in. deep, 6 in. apart. Rows 1 ft. apart, seeds 1 in. deep, 6 in. apart. Rows 2 1/2 ft. apart, seeds 2 in. deep, 3 in. apart. Broadcast thinly in seed beds.	REMARKS Attend to your kitchen herb garden, dividing roots of tarragon, thyme, chives, fennel and mint. Plant parsley.	READY Next year you should have beets, sprouts, carrots, onions, parsnips, potatoes, savoys, swedes, shallots—all from store or late sowings.
APRIL	SOW GLOBE BEET. CARROTS (EARLY). MUSTARD & CRESS. PEAS. POTATOES. TURNIPS. SWEDES. CABBAGE, CAULIFLOWER. RADISHES. Rows 15 in. apart, seeds 1 in. deep, 6 in. apart. Rows 1 ft. apart, seeds 1 in. deep, 6 in. apart. Broadcast on top soil. As above. As above. Rows 1 ft. apart, 1 in. deep, thinly. Rows 15 in. apart, 1 in. deep, thinly. Rows 6 in. apart, seeds 1/2 in. deep, 3 in. apart.	REMARKS Prepare marrow bed; transplant lettuce seedlings; prepare pumpkin bed, cucumber hot bed, celery trenches; weed. Watch broad beans for black fly.	READY Broad beans, if planted late autumn, entire pods can be cooked when very young; mustard and cress; radishes.
MAY	SOW BROCCOLI. RADISHES. RUNNER BEANS. FRENCH BEANS. BEETROOT (MAIN). SAVOY, WINTER CABBAGE. MUSTARD & CRESS. LETTUCE. RIDGE CUCUMBER. Thinly in seed bed or box. Rows 6 in. apart, seeds 1/2 in. deep, 3 in. apart. Rows 4 ft. apart, seeds 3 in. deep, 6 in. apart. Rows 2 ft. apart, seeds 3 in. deep, 6 in. apart. Rows 15 in. apart, seeds 1 in. deep, 6 in. apart. Thinly in seed beds. Broadcast on top soil. Thinly in seed beds. 1 in. deep, 6 in. apart in hot bed.	REMARKS Plant out strong plants of tomato; transplant sprouts; plant marrows, pumpkins. Thin carrots, onions, etc. Add to herb garden.	READY Broad beans; spring onions; thinnings; baby carrots, thinnings; spinach; radishes; mustard and cress; lettuce.
JUNE	SOW WINTER CABBAGE. FRENCH BEANS. LETTUCE. RADISHES. PEAS. RUNNER BEANS. KOHL RABI. MUSTARD & CRESS Thinly in seed bed. Rows 2 ft. apart, 3 in. deep, 6 in. apart. Thinly in seed bed or box. Rows 6 in. apart, seeds 1/2 in. deep, 3 in. apart. Rows 2 1/2 ft. apart, seeds 2 in. deep, 3 in. apart. Rows 4 ft. apart, seeds 3 in. deep, 6 in. apart. Rows 1 1/2 ft. apart, seeds 1/2 in. deep, 9 in. to 12 in. apart. Broadcast thinly on top soil.	REMARKS Stake beans; lift early potatoes; plant out broccoli, cauliflower, more lettuce, and celery. Thin out beets and turnips. Weed. Spray potatoes with Bordeaux mixture.	READY Lettuce; baby carrots; spring onions; radishes; peas; broad beans; new potatoes, lift as wanted.
JULY	SOW FRENCH BEANS. SAVOYS. BEETS. LETTUCE (WINTER). ENDIVE. Also late crops of TURNIPS, SWEDES, SPRING CABBAGE, CARROTS and LONG BEET. SPINACH. Rows 2 ft. apart, 3 in. deep, 6 in. apart. Rows 2 ft. apart, seeds 1/2 in. deep, 2 ft. apart. Rows 15 in. apart, seeds 1 in. deep, 6 in. apart. Thinly in seed bed or box. Rows 1 ft. apart, seeds 1/2 in. deep, 1 ft. apart. Rows 1 ft. apart, seeds 1/2 in. deep, 6 in. apart.	REMARKS Lift more early potatoes as wanted. Weed. Pick sage leaves and dry. Plant out leeks and spring sown cabbages, broccoli and lettuce.	READY French beans; runner beans; carrots; lettuce; spring onions; peas; radishes; spinach; early potatoes; shallots, ready if foliage has yellowed.
AUGUST	SOW SPRING SPINACH. SPRING CABBAGE. WINTER LETTUCE. WINTER ONIONS. ENDIVE. AUTUMN CAULIFLOWER. TURNIPS. (For "tops" only) Rows 1 ft. apart, seeds 1/2 in. deep, thinly. Make two sowings fortnight apart. Rows 1 ft. apart, drills 1/2 in. deep. Thinly in rows 1 ft. apart, 1 in. deep. Rows 1 ft. apart, 1/2 in. deep, 12 in. apart. Thinly in seed beds. Rows 1 ft. apart, seeds 1 in. deep; don't thin.	REMARKS Earth up celery; store any mature crops; fertilize tomatoes and remove unnecessary leaves for ripening.	READY Tomatoes; spinach; lettuce; potatoes; onions; marrow; carrots; cabbage; beets; runner beans.

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It's a Rainy Day



Some children are born with a natural talent for amusing themselves. Others are at a loss and turn to mischief for amusement when nothing else offers. Some of the cold, wet days that we get in early spring become a major problem if children happen to be of the kind that need constant entertaining. There is no rest for anybody unless someone can efficiently organise an antidote to boredom.

Really the matter goes deeper than just the organisation of play. Part of a child's training should be self-reliance in the intellectual sense. Boredom should be out of the question with so much waiting to be learnt and so much done.

If they can think for themselves, children can, normally, amuse themselves. Naturally, they won't make use of their ability if all their thinking is done for them. A mother's natural impulse is to anticipate every thought and every need. This is as it should be, but if the habit is carried too far, children will be a very long time before they attempt to think and act for themselves.

This may not seem to have much connexion with play, but the point is this: if your child relies on you for everything he will certainly rely on you for amusement.

When you are at play with children, let them do some of the thinking. Encourage them to take the initiative. When they come to you with the familiar question: "What can I do, mummy?" coax them to attack the problem themselves. "What would you like to do? What do you feel like? What is there to do?" They won't be very clear about it perhaps, but you have started the good work of self-help. The habit grows rapidly, and there is less and less appeal for help as time goes on.

Toys are all very well, but interest in them is only sustained when they appeal to the children's interest or challenge their ability. With a long rainy day in front of them children will probably respond much more to the idea of making something.

Give an older boy some flex and some bits and pieces of electrical equipment (the harmless kind of course). Let him attempt to fit a light over his bed or try to make a bell that really rings, and you have him coralled for the day.

Girls like some practical amusement similar to mother's work. Give them a brush and broom and some cookery implements with which to cater for their doll family. Cutting out is a favourite feminine game for all ages.

A play-room is not possible in most modern houses, but all these pastimes are best carried out in a place where there will be no tiresome restrictions about mess, and no grumbling from adults who are trying to share the same space.

It is worth making a big effort to give up some part of a room, if not a whole one, for children to play in when they are confined to the house. They have a greater sense of freedom and an encouraging sense of possession, which makes for good temper.

Quarrelling is attributable to one of two things: boredom, or a lack of instruction in the art of giving and taking. Children have a strong sense of ownership, and should be given their own toys and tools to keep for themselves, with reasonable concessions to the theory that sharing is to every one's mutual advantage.

Children of different ages quarrel because the little ones want to copy the big ones, and the bigger ones resent it. To segregate them, even if it were practical, is to discourage tolerance, but the problem can be handled by duplicating the implements of play as far as possible, and by making firm rules about muscling in on each other's pleasures. All healthy, normal children quarrel, but among those children in whom true affection and mutual respect has been fostered, there need be no serious disorder, whether the day is rainy or fine.

By Louisa Kay

Britannia & Eve for March, 1942

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The Citizen: "Yes, when I was in Carlisle the other day they showed it to me. Now they are making more biscuits than ever before (although so many of their girls and men have gone to join the National war effort), and their high quality causes them to be bought up quickly. Fresh supplies are always coming along, however, so I am told."

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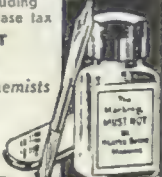
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It's Good For Us

TO most of us, so far, this war has brought hardships rather than heartbreak, irritations rather than tragedy. We grumble at having to do without this or that, but if we can only stop grumbling long enough to examine them, most of the restrictions are good for us.

It's Good For Us to eat less and simpler food. Most of us ate too much in the old days, anyway, between "dainties" at cocktail parties, scones and cakes for tea, and five courses for dinner. Simpler meals, with the accent on vegetables, suit nearly everybody, and doctors are complaining that half their work has disappeared.

It's Good For Us to walk more, instead of taking the car to post a letter. Beauty specialists report that wartime diet plus exercise has improved nearly every client's figure. To have to give up our magpie habits, and turn out all our years-old accumulations of papers, bottles, and clothes that will "come in useful some day."

It's Good For Us to revise our scale of values. When so many have lost everything, and don't even know the comfort of a warm bed, it's despicable to fret about the inessentials which used to bulk so large in nearly all of our lives.

It's Good For Us to learn something about how people in another world from our own have to live. Joining up in the ranks, serving in A.R.P. units, taking in evacuees, has shaken many people out of one-track lives and made them realise the unpleasant fact that all was not well with thousands of our fellow-countrymen.



It's Good For Us to have to be self-reliant. No use these days looking helpless if a fuse goes or a minor carpentering job has to be done. With no man about the house, and professional help by no means yours for the whistling, you just have to learn to do the job yourself, and a very nice feeling it is, too.

It's Good For Us, though tiresome, to have to economise on cosmetics. At least it teaches us to take more trouble to have a healthy skin, now that the means to hide an indifferent one are so hard to come by.



It's Good For Us to have to plan our clothes so that every single item pulls its weight. No more impractical shoes, no more blouses that don't go with any suit. A hard-earned lesson that will come in useful after the war. To dress more simply. Haven't you noticed that most people are better dressed since the war? There are more tailored clothes about, honestly made to do a good job of work, fewer of those maddening novelty touches that were the bane of English dressmaking.

It's Good For Us to have to use our wits over catering, to do our own careful shopping. Telephone ordering from a laden shop had led us into monotonous ways, and one of the results of food scarcities will be an all-round raising of the standard of cooking.

It's Good For Us to learn to manage with less domestic help. As a nation we were in danger of losing the fine arts of homemaking, and many a girl thought there was nothing to be ashamed of in not being able to boil an egg. No one can pretend it's pleasant to scrub floors all day, but the reviving interest in food preserving, jam making, and cooking has everything to be said in its favour.

Above all, it is good for us to do a little blessing-counting. We have, let's face it, been a lucky nation for a long time. We had become a trifle smug, expecting an extraordinarily high standard of life as our right. It won't really do us any harm to have a few rude shocks.

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Salvage (Continued from page 12)

with a furious rushing sound. In the east there was already liquid light, but between them and the horizon's edge the Sea of Celebes stretched flat and empty, blue-green with twilight. Some loose wreckage, jagged bits of timber, was all that was left of the *Pandoman*. That and an open boat. The pain rushed on Captain Baintree in red waves. Still he saw the eyes of six brown men upon him, upon the man with command in his fist. Aldrich just sat there, his head bowed and his shoulders sagging. Wouldn't do, thought Harry.

"Step the mast. Have the lugs'l set, Mr. Aldrich." He braced himself, because speech alone could be agony. "Can't run back to the Sulus. Dead beat to windward all the way in the monsoon." His voice flattened. "The course is east-south-east. Keep the breeze quartering. We will stand for Menado Light."

BAINTREE must have slipped over the edge of consciousness after that. But not for long. The thin lance of responsibility and command took no account of pain, prodding him mercilessly alert. The sun was up, a blazing copper ball in a cloudless sky. The sea was sapphire blue, running in a long swell, dark shifting shadow in between. The open boat lifted and fell, moving slowly, with the ocean gurgling close aboard. Instinctively, Harry's eyes sought the little compass card, seeing the tiller becketed, the lugsail sheeted home. He found he had to drag himself to properly move: his left side from the waist down seemed clumsily not to belong to him at all. Aldrich had bound his leg tightly above the knee in canvas strips. He had sense enough for that, Harry thought. Then he saw Aldrich at the water beaker, passing a full pannikin of the precious stuff around. He seized the gunwale with his fist, dragged himself to a sitting posture, crying out instantly.

"Stop that! Bring that beaker under the stern thwart here!"

Aldrich lifted a haggard face. "What's the difference?" His voice was slack and lifeless. "Let 'em drink and be done. Why drag it out? We're all as good as dead!"

"Lay it aft, I said!"

They stared at each other, taut conflict between them. The Malays sat dumbly on the thwarts, wide white eyeballs on their officers. Till Aldrich obeyed the command in sullen silence, taking his seat in the stern-sheets again. "It's my jinx," he muttered, head on chest. "Same as when the *Placenta* struck. It's no good. We're all washed—"

"Stop that!" Captain Baintree's lip curled. "What ships did you serve your time in? Who taught you seafaring was as easy a wash as that? You and I are master and mate here, and we're white. These blackboys are looking to us. They are in my care. So understand me! I mean to sail this boat till she takes the ground or till I'm done! After that *you'll* sail her. Till your tongue hangs out and your eyes go black!" He stopped for an instant, waiting for a wave of excruciating pain to pass. "There will be half a pannikin of water a day and one biscuit for each man. At sunset. That's all, Mr. Aldrich. I'll take the first spell. It's your watch below."

So day passed. The open boat floated in a furnace of sunfire, lapping slowly to the south and east in an empty void of sea and sky. The heaven was a burning vault of blue. If you could strike its brittle rim it would surely clash like a cymbal, scattering sparks. Captain Baintree, the tiller hooked under his arm, faced the facts and summed them up to himself. His hollow eyes blinked now and then in a tortured, sun-scorched face. He was wondering, quite calmly, how long he could hang on. He felt fever mounting in him, crawling slowly up from his leg, into his chest, and into his bobbing head. Suffocating. Blinding. If he were whole, sound, he could live this out for ever! But he wasn't. The stabbing, dizzying flames told him plainly enough. Well, what was his endurance? How could he gauge it?

One tin of biscuit, one beaker of sweet water, some of it already gone. And land almost three hundred miles away. He looked sidewise toward John Aldrich, checking it off.

If fever swallowed the skipper it was up to that fellow there. Wouldn't do; wouldn't do at all. The stiffening was out of him: he wanted shoring up. Well, wasn't that part of a skipper's job? In the end, whether he was whole or whether the fever drowned him out the burden still was his. He thought of Althea, the bitterness surging on him. Then his arm suddenly stiffened on the tiller bar and his eyes took on a set and intense stare. That girl with the russet hair and the shining eyes was that man's. The fever was stumbling into Harry's brain. He knew he couldn't last for very long. He knew, too, that command was his, and he had to use it to its purpose and its end by whatever means he had. He had to be sure of the second mate when he himself went out. He passed his tongue across his fevered lips.

"Mr. Aldrich!" he called sharply. "You may take over now."

The second mate started out of his doze, listlessly relieving the tiller bar. "It's no good," he mumbled. "We haven't a chance."

Captain Baintree braced himself for what he had to do. "Maybe you're right," he agreed dully. "We ought to get things straight." Aldrich didn't stir. "You think a lot of Althea, don't you?"

"Let's leave her out! She's the only decent thing left. She . . ."

Baintree laughed. A short, derisive laugh. "Why the hell did you have to show up?" he said with harshness. "But you might as well know. Can't you guess? Hell, man! Before you busted in, that wench and me we had some times! She's a dainty little package, no mistake. But who do you suppose kept her in Braunberg's? Hey? Haven't you got any sense at all? We—"

"You!"

"Sure! What did you expect? And I figured if I could only get you out of the road, why . . ."

Aldrich leaped to his feet. The tiller swung uncharged. The small boat yawed, flapping the lugsail wildly. The second mate swayed erect, flame-eyed, fists clenched, fury consuming him. "You filthy swine!" he roared. The Malays looked aft, bleak fright on them. And while the *Pandoman's* boat careened, a black speck in a limitless void with the blazing sun aloft and the ocean all around, John Aldrich hurled hate at his captain. "If you were whole I'd smash you in two right now! But I'll see you don't die. I won't let you die. No, by God! I'll bring you in! And when I do and you can stand again I'll thrash you to an inch of your life. By everything that's holy, Baintree!" He put the tiller bar between his knees, steadying the boat. "Sweat up that lugs'l!" he cried forward. "Move, you monkeys! Move!"

THAT way he steered, a grim purpose on him now. Harry Baintree thrust aside the flood of fever for long enough to see that thing. A faint, bitter smile touched the captain's cracked, dry lips. The second mate had taken charge at last. He felt the small boat urging forward, taut and helming clean. Pain wasn't so bad, knowing that. The boat, the men in his charge were on the course he set for them. For a moment longer Captain Baintree struggled against the black cloud closing in. Then the world slipped out from under and oblivion swallowed him up.

For Harry Baintree the rest was nightmare. In high fever he seemed to be completely disembodied, swimming in endless seas of pain. But one clear spot remained inviolate, a place in his tortured brain that would not yield. It remembered his mastership, the purpose of his craft. The second mate steered, shored up by hate, but it was still the captain who willed it, who dominated the small boat urging steadily to the south and east beneath a brazen sky. No one knew that thing, (Continued on page 52)

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NOTE.—A-K is how thousands of women ask for Anti-Kamnia brand Analgesic Tablets and if you say A-K your chemist will know. 1/5 a box (Including Tax).

yet it was true. It gave the master bright moments of lucidity in pools of darkness, though he couldn't know how the blistering days and starry nights slipped past.

He remembered Mr. Aldrich bending over him now and again, his face distorted with hate, telling him fiercely he wouldn't let him die, pressing dribbles of foul water between his lips. Well, that's all right, Captain Baintree thought he said. Take care of the business of the sea out here, and the business of the land when it's reached. He remembered the second mate fisting down two thirst-crazed Malays with flaming eyes; and that inner part of his brain nodded approval when Mr. Aldrich lashed them to the thwarts with rope ends to keep them from going insanely overside. That's right, mister; that's the way it ought to be. They don't know; you do. They're just hands; you're the officer in charge and it's your job to bring them in. He had moments of disjointed memory like that. Mr. Aldrich dozing fitfully in the night with his head on his chest and his fist on the tiller bar, while the small boat lifted over the shining flanks of rollers, dipping into dark hollows of the Sea of Celebes. It might have lasted for ages. Captain Baintree had no reckoning of time. But, like a thing seen in a sudden blinding light, he remembered the final dawn, the second mate towering above him, sun-blackened, his eyes in haggard pockets, the tiller against his knee, the small boat rocking in the landswell off Menado Light. And some one from the high bridge of a steamer—the K.P.M. ship coasting east from Stroomen Kaap!—crying down in amazement for them to haul up and be taken aboard. And Mr. Aldrich shouting back to that astonished skipper in a thick, hoarse croak: "I sailed this boat this far myself. By myself! do you hear? By God, I'll take her in the rest of the way! Get along with your smelly tub!"

BY himself? Captain Baintree thought he let the splinter of a smile twitch across his tortured lips. But that's fine! Good for you, John Aldrich! There's the sound of a man in your voice, after all. And he saw the roadstead open up, till brown faces and white faces peered down at last, wondering at what the sea cast up. After that a black and empty space. This, he thought, was the ultimate end. He was having hallucinations. How else could you explain the voices he heard? For that was jovial Doctor Willem Van der Proust bending over him through the fog, hopefully murmuring something about beautiful compound fractures, a sailor's resistance to gangrene, a lot of silly stuff like that. But he was in a cool place now. A girl floated in the middle space. Maybe it was a nurse. How did she manage to get to the middle of the Sea of Celebes? And her face and her figure were Althea's. There was a scent of wild blooms on her. Presently he'd be hearing the song of a violin! She'd be playing "Till Eulenspiegel" to make the burghers dream about the Zuyder Zee. And John Aldrich had a right to thrash him, if he could. Captain Baintree opened his eyes on a white hospital room.

The girl was Althea, all right. She stood there, looking down on him—and smiling. Sunlight through the drawn rattans gleaming on her red-brown hair. The surgeon was pulling at his side-whiskers, his red lips pursed reflectively as if he meant at any moment to ask again what they all expected to find down there in Celebes or the Islands on the Line. As if he didn't know. John Aldrich was there, too, standing clean-limbed and

Salvage

straight in fresh white drill with a different look upon his weathered face.

"My Malay boys?" Captain Baintree asked at once. "Did you—"

"They're all right, Harry," Proust growled. "You're not to worry. And don't talk too much. You've got some mending to do."

Harry moved his head a little toward where John Aldrich stood. "Looks like you'll have to wait a bit longer before you smash me down. Mister, you've got a right to try."

For some reason the *Pandoman's* second mate just grinned. "I'll call it quits, Captain Baintree, if you'll just give me a berth next ship you sail. Come on, Doc. Let's clear out."

Baintree watched them go, puzzled. Till he heard the low throatiness of Althea's voice, saying: "He told me, Harry."

He tried to look at her. It was a difficult thing to do. "I'm sorry," he managed at last. "I had to, Althea. There was no other way. He was all awash; the sap was clean out of him. And me going under. It was up to him, and he wasn't any good. So I thought maybe if he hated me enough it—"

"It might salvage him. Well, it did. I—I can't thank you enough, Harry."

Captain Baintree looked away. The palms outside rustled steadily in the northing breeze. A lizard peered at him, motionless by a crack in the opposite wall before it scuttered abruptly out of sight. He thought, why doesn't she go away? He couldn't stand her nearness, knowing what he did. "I said some pretty rotten things about you, Althea. I—"

"Yes; I know." Captain Baintree couldn't know she was smiling. Not till the low laughter bubbled from her lips. Then he looked back up to her, startled. "You certainly ruined my reputation, Harry."

"I wish I could put it straight, Althea, so—"

"You wish!" She was wagging a slim, white finger under his nose. She looked terribly angry. Except for the merry smiling just behind her eyes. It didn't go away! "Let me tell you, Harry Baintree, I won't stand for any nonsense from the likes of you! Your underwriters may pay for your lost ship, but that's no good to me. I don't let people go about sully my good name. You understand? There's only one thing left for you to do. Now you've got to marry me!"

"I—" Harry dragged himself up in the cot. Violently. "What's that you said?"

"You heard me quite well enough, Harry Baintree. And don't you try to get out of it! I—"

"But Althea!" His brain spun round. "I thought—"

"Indeed! You thought! I never knew such a silly goose of a man! John Aldrich is my brother, not my husband. And—"

"Althea!"

She touched his hand with hers and bent her head to him so all the sunlight in the room lay in shining pools upon her russet hair. "If you can salvage John the way you did, I don't see why you wouldn't be willing to do as much for a girl's good name."

He was sure she wasn't angry now. Not the way her eyes looked down. So Harry could grin at last. "Who'd try to stop me, Althea?" he asked.

And of course Althea didn't know.

END

This Time the Air Age

(Continued from page 13)

flying are the Pan-American Airways, the Atlantic Ferry Service, the R.A.F. Communications Squadron, and Dutch flyers; to whose efforts should be added greater participation by the Russians seeing that they have some of the finest long-distance aircraft in existence (remember the Moscow-California hop via the North Pole?). Routes have to be constantly amended or deleted or extended in keeping

with the ebb and flow of the world-wide conflict. At this writing, the lamentable course of events in the Western Pacific has badly hit one of the two or three major air crossways of the globe. Previously, Britain had been cut off from trans-European air travel to the Middle East and beyond. Yet what happened? Gradually services were opened up via Lisbon down to West Africa,

Britannia & Eve for March, 1942

whence one route forks westwards to Brazil and South America, and a second forks eastwards across Africa to the Nile. Boeing flying boats operated by Britain will very possibly maintain the South Atlantic fork and these ships are good examples of what is coming on an extensive scale directly peace returns. They can take more than fifty passengers. Another type, the Curtis Wright 20, largest twin-engined aircraft in existence, is carrying twenty passengers and freight up to a distance of 4,000 miles. The most famous of British civil aircraft now operating are the Short Empire Flying Boats which despite Japan's amok maintains the longest air transport line in the world: 10,700 miles.

Directly peace returns. That is the angle I wish to examine. Vastly overshadowing all priority flying are the tens of thousands of aircraft engaged in war operations. These have summoned into being a huge army of trained personnel extending from crack pilots down to junior ground staffs. When peace comes there will be a great host upon which to draw, and a correspondingly numerous assortment of warplanes capable of being transformed for passenger and freight use pending the speedy arrival of new post-war types based on the mountain of knowledge acquired during the conflict. This time—make no mistake—it will be the real air age.

I know much the same was prophesied after the last war. Actually, the years 1914-18 did promote an enormous advance in flying. Why, just before that war aviation was still a circus affair. One stopped, looked and listened upon encountering someone who had been "up." But what happened almost immediately, when 1919 brought peace again? Two of our fellow-countrymen, too long neglected in the story of flight, flew the Atlantic non-stop. The Atlantic! How, after that, we plunged ahead into romantic fashioning of the air age we thought to be upon us! Yet, in the event, the succeeding twenty years of "peace" were to go down as the period of spadework and of jockeying up to the post. I look back on those two decades as divided into three phases. Until around 1924 civil flying was a happy-go-lucky business: I recollect losing my trilby over the Channel in 1920 from an open Instone Paris-London two-seater. Then followed in the later twenties the establishment of regular services to continental centres. The third phase set in with the thirties: regular long-distance flying beyond Europe, much of it on the Empire Air Route. But this flying was still dear, cramped and intermittently hazardous. A fourth phase was about to supervene when this war arrived, and I cannot conjure it better than by quoting from the Bill of August 4, 1939, which promoted British Overseas Airways with, a mandate to secure "the fullest development consistent with economy, of efficient overseas air transport services to be operated at reasonable charges."

THAT is going to be our taking-off point when this war stops and we must be quicker off the mark than the quickest of our international challengers if we wish to secure and hold in the skyways of the world the place we have long held in its sea lanes. If, as one hopes, some form of air federation and policing should be devised by the victors, it will be essential for us none the less to have ready our immediate potentiality together with plans prepared for rapid realisation. One sincerely hopes that the delicate turnover to the air age will be accomplished with a minimum of squabbling; still there's no use in blinking the fact that competition will be of the keenest. But the prize will be worth all the effort—an Air Merchant Service at least the equal of any other, carrying the Sky Blue Ensign all over the world, even as the Red Ensign of the Merchant Marine has been borne for so long.

British shipping has been dominant on the ocean highways for more than a century and this was indispensable for the development of the Empire. The British Air Merchant Service must have its proper place on the world's airways. We must be ready to start the moment peace is declared, ready with designs for the best aircraft we can think of; we must have factories ready to switch over from war to peace production; (Continued on page 54)



"KEEP WELL THE SEA"

THESE men, "whereon, under the Good Providence of God, the wealth, safety, and strength of the Kingdom chiefly depend,"* deserve all our thanks and support. Through the War Service Fund of the Y.M.C.A. you can give practical expression of your gratitude to them. At the ports and air stations, in garrison towns and away at lonely outposts at home and abroad the Y.M.C.A. is at work serving the personal needs of our fighting-men.

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* From the preamble to the Naval Discipline Act. The headline is quoted from a poem written early in the Fifteenth Century.

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schools ready to train Service pilots for civil air lines, and to turn out ground staffs, operation staffs, and so on for vast new services. It is no secret, even at this stage, that the stiffest challenge will come from the United States and our job is to match up to it in advance. The Americans are already proclaiming in print their intention of making America supreme on the airways of the world. "O.K. Buddy," should be our answer, "but there'll be room for two."

From inquiries which I have been making in authoritative quarters in London, the present view of the position may be summarised as follows:

This war will give an impetus to aviation development far greater than the last. Long-distance flying is now a commonplace where it was merely experimental a few years ago. To-day the Atlantic is flown dozens of times a month. It is even flown westwards in a Christmas storm as a routine matter (carrying dispatches to Churchill in Washington). Consider what this will mean in terms of immediate post-war travel. It will be possible to make flying business journeys to Canada in a few hours. And to be as sure of arrival as formerly on the pre-war London-Paris trip. India will be thirty hours away—and besides sustaining the British Raj or its post-war equivalent, picture what this could mean in the way of holidays in the Himalayas or on the world's most romantic river, the Jhelum. Twenty hours to Cape Town; seventy hours to Australia. Great air liners, descendants of the immortal "Heracles," will fly twenty-four hours or more non-stop, often through the sub-stratosphere. Passengers will sit in ordinary clothes in air-conditioned cabins and sound-proofed surroundings. In particular, great opportunities will be offered to business men who will be able to reach their most distant markets with catalogues, samples and blue prints in days where it would have taken weeks before this war.

Air liners seating a hundred or more passengers will come soon after the war. They'll have day and sleeping accommodation, probably much like American Pullman cars which have a corridor down the middle and do not divide the sexes, but curtain every one off in upper and lower berths. Other air liners for night journeys only, will be regular sleeping-car planes. The most powerful machines will make non-stop journeys across the Pacific to India and Australia in something like twenty-four hours. British air liners on such a route will have the promenades and observation compartments which have made the Empire Flying Boat so popular; but these amenities will be on a bigger scale. There will be smoking and bars and radio and working and reading facilities. The boredom complained of in long air travel will be taken in hand.

Crews will become more like ships' crews, with pilots and engineers as watch-keeping officers. The captain will not do any piloting except possibly for taking off and landing aircraft. He will more closely resemble a ship's captain, though whether there will be room to give him a cabin to himself to eat in is doubtful! As important circles view this omnipotent soul, he will be an airman and a navigator of great experience, a man of proved courage and powers of leadership. He must also be an administrator and a cultured man of the world, as he will have to play host to important people, even as the captain of a Cunarder or a P. & O. has so long been called upon to do. So if any R.A.F. lads with ambitions read this, they will know what to concentrate upon in their spare time. I'm sure they'd have little trouble in being men of the world and in playing host to even more important people than Cabinet Ministers and film stars, but that "cultured" had better be looked into. In point of fact, more than one British civil pilot could serve as a model.

British Overseas Airways (which is a Government corporation) is considering founding a Dartmouth of its own. A sort of cadet college for boys intending to take up the air as a career. It would give a first-class public school education with preparatory aeronautical training, followed by a year at a British and a year at a foreign university. A year or so in administrative departments,

This Time the Air Age

because from these young men (among others), when they reach the height of their careers, would be chosen the heads of the many departments needed for a great world-wide organisation. The corporation will fly hundreds of aircraft and will need hundreds of skilled officers; it is getting ready with a plan that will give an assured career to first-class young men, with a pension on retirement even should this be indicated earlier than is the case at sea.

But what about the *people* in all this? Are they going to have a cut in on this air age? The people who can't afford Jhelum Rivers or even lightweight air baggage? What about fares? Are they coming down? And time-tables? Will reservations still have to be made days ahead in order to be sure of getting a place even across to Brussels?

Answers reside in the types of aircraft that are likely to come into use directly after the war. At present there are two schools of thought on this capital issue. One school imagines bigger and bigger aircraft without foreseeable limit. Others prefer the notion of smaller aircraft at frequent intervals. "To New York every hour at the hour."

HUGE aircraft at present require huge aerodromes and enormously long runways—two miles or more in every direction. You cannot get such aerodromes near big cities, and what's the use of gaining an hour in the air at big expense if you proceed to waste it directly you touch ground, by picking your way through traffic from an outlying airfield to the centre of a city? Another problem: weights on tyres and under-carriages cannot be increased indefinitely. In fact, we are near the limits in tyre loads already. But technicians are thinking towards a solution. Various ways of assisting a take-off, for example. Huge aircraft might be mounted on cradles, running on rails, the cradles being driven by high-powered engines and airscrews which might perhaps double the power of the aircraft's own engines. When the monster had gained flying speed it would leave the cradle, which would run off round a bank curve and come to rest by automatic brakes.

Technical battles have yet to be fought in several spheres. The great increase in the power of aircraft engines, which have risen in a few short years from a few hundred to two thousand horse power, may start a movement in the reverse direction. Some experts think the engine and air screw will be replaced by jet propulsion—aircraft being propelled by the jet of air from a motor-driven compressor.

So much is certain: there will be the big Pullman machines decidedly not within the reach of all in the financial sense, and there will be much, much smaller types meeting the requirements of a continental ferry service, and these will be well within range of the average purse. The requirements of a ferry service to Paris are obviously quite different from those for the long flights to distant parts of the Empire, or for non-stop overseas flights to South America, or across the Pacific. Extreme speed is expensive and there will be a demand for slower aircraft, with more frequent stops, for those whose means are limited. And that demand, I believe, will be met very shortly after peace returns. The way things are shaping, there will be ten-minute planes to certain parts of the Continent in rush weeks and months, and at not much higher charge than that made for other modes of travel. As Mr. Hildred, head of civil flying, has it: "There will be fares for all purses and overdrafts."

Not everybody wants to fly. I have known many of the younger generation (under thirties) who express no interest in it. They'd much prefer the jostle and unexpectedness, the elbow room, the colour and scenery of a train (or car) and ship journey. Others shy at air sickness in paper bags and at being closed in. Or there are the nervous ones who (rightly or wrongly) quote Colonel Moore-Brabazon as having vowed never again to fly until combustible fuel has been replaced. It is certain that flying is going to remain without attraction for a high proportion of the population even in our time (meaning, one

presumes, the more readily foreseeable). One can even imagine a section saying: "Take the filthy things away—the misery they've spread has far outdone the good." Yet, given all this, what do you get in the end? Is it likely in an era when speed has been made a god, when the knitting together of the world's peoples is for good or bad so clearly traced, that an all-out air age will not be attempted?

All the better for those whom it does attract, since they will find facilities to suit their purses and arrangements conforming to the time and inclination they may have to visit other countries either for business, pleasure or study.

So here's to our part and share in the first air age which will be upon us directly this war closes. British air policy is contained in the sentence: "Freedom of innocent passage over all countries," so that an air liner shall be as free to land anywhere as is a ship to seek out any port. And remember the motto we must live up to: "Quicker than the Quickest." Off the mark, I mean. As for sheer speed in air travel, I believe smoothness and reliability will come to be more valued. The crucial months will be those directly following the cease fire—or whatever they'll cease doing this time.

It so happens that I have just done an Empire talk on this subject and maybe it was well timed, for 1942 looks like being the Commonwealth's most critical year and as good a way as any, so far as I can see, of ensuring that "it won't happen again" is to make use of the strengthening and riveting to be had for the effort under the Sky Blue Ensign.

END

On Duty—and Off

(Continued from page 29)

do not interfere with work; two, a pain which is violent enough to make a woman feel sick and dizzy or faint. In this category headache and utter weariness are common. In the third category the symptoms are severe enough to make work quite impossible for the time being.

If all women realised that during their off days they lose about fifteen per cent of the month's intake of iron and they balanced their diet accordingly, they would be much less likely to suffer from depression, lassitude and minor aches and pains. Dieticians consider it probable that the diet of every class of woman in this country contains less than the optimum amount of iron. Apart from meat, liver and eggs, the main sources of iron are brown bread, spinach, watercress, leaves of cabbage, lettuce, peas, beans, chocolate, cocoa and black treacle. Without plenty of fresh air your body cannot make use of the iron you feed it, so that during your off days it is particularly important to get plenty of air as well as plenty of the right kind of food.

Now consider the symptoms listed in the second category. Many girls and unmarried women will find that all these aches and pains become much less noticeable after they are married and disappear completely after they have had a baby. If there's nothing radically wrong mollycoddling will only make matters worse, and it is extraordinary how often a really bad pain will disappear if you are enjoying yourself. The mental factor does play a very important part. It is silly to be too spartan, and a sensible woman will make every effort to scotch the pain right at the beginning. There are good preparations on the market made specially for this purpose and a couple of tablets taken in time will save a lot of pain and irritability later on. Women who suffer so much that they can no longer keep going should consult a doctor, who may recommend surgical treatment to put matters right.

END

LAUNDRIES AND LINEN

The Institution of British Launderers Limited have called our attention to the paragraph on linen in the Home Savers article in our January issue, and state that harsh chemicals are not used in washing any fabrics, and that the only chemical used by the great majority of laundries in this country consists of soap, soda and water.

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From Wine Merchants, Licensed
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Champagne Quart Size 6/6

America's Fighting Merchantmen

(Continued from page 16)

Captain Isaac Freeman, of the Cape Cod town of Eastham, who, when commanding the Boston letter-of-marque ship *Bethel*, carrying fourteen guns and thirty-seven men, fell in with a big Spanish vessel, the *Jesus Maria y Josef*, with twenty-six guns and a crew of a hundred and ten. "We expect you to make a manly defence in case you are attacked," were the owner's instructions to another Cape Cod master of the same period. But the doughty Captain Eastham went one better than that. He filled the vacant places in his bulwarks with "quakers," or dummy guns, which in American merchant ships of the time served the same purpose as the early East Indiaman's painted ports; increased the size of his ship's company by sticking up on deck poles with caps on them; and then closed on the Spaniard with, to quote his own words, "a serenade of French horns and trumpets." Whether the music had anything to do with the result is not stated. Anyhow, the Spanish ship hauled down her colours without firing a shot. "I believe it," wrote Captain Freeman to his owners, "first instance of such a prize taken by so small a force without firing one gun on either side but however assure you I esteem it much better than fighting."

In January, 1800, the *Herald* of Boston, 328 tons, commanded by Captain Nathaniel Silsbee, a member of a well-known seafaring family, sailed for India with a cargo which was, incidentally, partly made up of French brandy which had run the British blockade. Having duly disposed of her cargo, the *Herald* sailed again for home in company with four more American ships, and in the Indian Ocean fell in with a British East Indiaman engaged with a French privateer. The Americans decided to join in the scrap, the United States at that time being also at war with France. One of them, however, being peacefully inclined, and knowing that his ship had the heels of the Frenchman, indicated to Captain Silsbee his intention of keeping out of the fight; whereupon Silsbee roared back through his speaking trumpet: "If you do, I'll sink you!" "Damn you, Silsbee, I know you would!" returned his consort, and stayed to see it through.

THE Baltimore brigs and schooners, built on the Baltimore pilot boat model, from which the later American clipper ships that brought about such a revolution in sailing ship design were directly descended, gave the British Navy plenty to do during the war of 1812, and many were the thrilling sea fights of those days. Very often the American ships had the best of it, and there were plenty of occasions, too, when the superior speed and handiness of their little craft enabled them to show their heels to a stronger opponent and thus evade certain sinking or capture.

In May, 1813, the Baltimore schooner *Orders in Council*, letter of marque, carrying six nine-pounder guns and a ship's company of twenty left a French port with two other American vessels in company, all loaded with silks and wine. They had not been long at sea before they were sighted by two British cutters and a schooner, all of which gave chase to the *Orders in Council*, her two consorts in the meantime having scattered and made good their escape. It was an epic chase. The little schooner did everything possible to increase her speed, even to saving through her deck beams, a device still in use at the time of the suppression of the slave trade to enable these fast-sailing craft to add a knot or so to their speed. But the pursuers hung stubbornly on to her heels, and when at last it fell calm, lowered all their boats and towed the *Wellington*, the largest of the pursuing cutters, into action.

But the fight was not finished yet. For an hour and forty minutes the two crews held it at hammer and tongs, broadside answering broadside, and cheer answering cheer from the sweating and blackened gunners. At last

a breeze sprang up, and the *Wellington*, which was leaking badly from several shot holes in her hull, broke off the engagement in order to plug them before renewing the combat.

In the meantime the *Orders in Council*, with all hands hard at it executing repairs to her battle-scarred spars and rigging, drew clear of her attacker, only to fall into the hands of a British frigate which put a prize crew on board. By this time the breeze which had put an end to the duel with the *Wellington* had become a Biscay gale, and throughout the night the battered vessel laboured in the winds and seas with her guns adrift and her maintop mast by the board, finally reaching Corunna in safety with her prize crew.

AMONG the *Orders in Council*'s passengers was a small boy of nine, Robert Bennet Forbes, who was destined in future years to play an important part in American maritime history, as one of the pioneers of American commerce in the China Seas. In the early days of the China trade, piracy of course still flourished in those waters, and Forbes had more than one encounter with marauding junks and lorchas. Bound to Lintin in the brig *Nile*, 250 tons, Forbes noticed a large fleet of what looked like fishing junks, all making in the direction of his ship, which was passing through the "Asses-ears" Channel at the time, the winds being too light for the American brig to avail herself of her superior sailing powers to get clear of the junks.

However, like all merchant ships using these waters, the *Nile* carried guns and small arms, and when the junkmen sent a couple of men in a sampan to spy out the land they were confronted by twenty men, fully armed and ready to fire, lying concealed by the bulwarks. The spies promptly fled yelling to their companions that the game was up, and the *Nile* proceeded unmolested on her voyage.

The history of the China trade is full of such incidents, and one of the most exciting of them is the encounter of the clipper brig *Antelope*, owned by the American firm of Russell and Co., off the Ladrone Group—the Robber Islands. Two large "mandarin boats," or rowing galleys, were first sighted pulling out towards the clipper, but a shot from the *Antelope*'s Long Tom soon induced a hasty retirement. Presently, however, the attack was renewed, this time by four boats, containing in all about three hundred men. The brig was now becalmed, and the attackers were able to range alongside, despite further attentions from the Long Tom, and began to swarm over the sides and bows of the vessel, though the boarding nettings impeded them very considerably. Several times they were driven back into their boats at the pistol's point, and finally hand-to-hand fighting with pikes followed. The cook meantime had been preparing a warm welcome for the intruders, and a bucket of boiling water which the "doctor" emptied over a small party attempting to board the ship over the stern proved an effective deterrent. A similar attention on the part of the captain drove back some of the boarders forward. The pirates retired to their boats, and before they had time to prepare another attack a breeze had sprung up which carried the *Antelope* out of danger.

BUT it was not only in eastern waters that the gentle art of piracy flourished. In the eighteen-twenties and eighteen-thirties the jolly Roger still flew over many a cosmopolitanly manned craft which lived on any form of sea rascality that offered, and cases like those of the *Topaz*, whose crews were made to walk the plank by the notorious Spaniard Alcantara, and the *Morning Star*, burned with many of her people on board and battered down by the still more notorious Benito de Soto of the *Black Joke*, are by no means alone in the annals of the time.

Now and then, however, the fraternity of



If you want a really
good job from me
give me
Euthymol

the skull and crossbones caught a tartar. This was so in the case of Captain Augustine Heard, of the Boston schooner *Emerald* who, one day in the trades in the South Atlantic, sighted a pirate schooner, which ranged under his lee bow and signalled to him with a shot to heave-to. Captain Heard ordered the guns to be loaded, and ran up his colours. He then sent his hands to the weather braces, and gave the word, in a low, hoarse whisper, to put the helm hard up and round in the braces. Over went the handy little ship until her bulwarks were almost level with the water; then, still driving fast before the strong trade wind, she smashed into the pirate craft amidships. There followed a crash, and a pandemonium of shrieks and curses; and the *Emerald* held on her course, leaving only a mass of floating wreckage and a few bobbing heads of drowning men to mark where the pirate had been.

So late as 1838, Captain R. B. Forbes, when on a passage out to China in the barque *Mary Chilton*, had an encounter with a pirate craft which may be described in his own words:

"One day, just as we were expecting the N.E. trades, a schooner was seen standing within about five miles under our lee.

"She was a rakish craft, and I felt very suspicious in regard to her; by and by, when in our wake, she kept directly after us. I advised Captain Drew to prepare the only two guns we had and to make some "quakers" so as to show a disposition to fight if necessary.

"When the schooner was about three miles astern we took a breeze from the east, and I suggested setting our port stunsails and keeping off a point or two.

"We got our six-pounders up on the poop, and not only mustered all hands there but made some effigies. The schooner, seeing all this, hauled sharp on the wind and before night was nearly out of sight. I doubt not she was a slaver and would have given us trouble."

DURING the war between north and south the Confederate commerce raiders, *Alabama* and *Shenandoah*, wrought great havoc among the whalers of New Bedford, most of whom fell easy victims to their powerfully armed opponents.

On one occasion, however, the *Shenandoah* met with an unexpected reception. This was from the barque *Favourite*, of Fairhaven, whose captain trained his bomb gun on the boarding party and stoutly refused the demand to strike his colours as a Confederate prize. "Keep off or I'll fire into you," he shouted to the *Shenandoah's* boat; and, seeing that the old man meant business, the boarding party hastily sheered off and returned to their ship for orders.

Captain Waddell then brought his ship alongside the whaler and shouted:

"If you don't haul down your colours we'll blow you out of the water in five minutes."

"Blow away, my buck," yelled back the skipper, "but may I be eternally blasted if I haul down that flag for any Confederate pirate that ever floated."

By this time, however, the officers and crew of the whaler had removed the ammunition, including the caps of the captain's pistols, and taken to the boats, so that when the boarding party arrived once more they found only the old man, pistol in each hand, and still full of fight, to receive them. He welcomed them with an attempt to fire his pistols; but they naturally failed to go off, and the captain was soon overpowered.

British frigate, Spanish privateer, Chinese pirate, slaver, commerce-raider of his own blood—the American fighting merchantman has shown his mettle to them all in days gone by. Now he faces a more treacherous and relentless foe than any he has known in his history; but one thing is certain: he will meet him with the same grim and resolute courage that his forefathers displayed.

END

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply, owing to war conditions, are advertised in this journal should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

Britannia & Eve for March, 1942

Shoes must last longer now... SAVE MONEY AND COUPONS THIS WAY



NEXT MORNING SHOES LIKE THESE ARE HARD TO COME BY, NOWADAYS. THAT'S WHY MOST OF MY CUSTOMERS BRING IN THEIR NEW SHOES TO BE FITTED WITH PHILLIPS RUBBER SOLES AND HEELS BEFORE EVER THEY WEAR THEM; THEN THE ORIGINAL SOLE NEVER TAKES ANY WEAR AND THE SHOES NEVER LOSE THEIR SHAPE. OH YES, MADAM, PHILLIPS ARE QUITE INVISIBLE IN WEAR



You must make shoes last longer now.

It's a national duty. Leather is scarce and shoes will cost more and more. Every time you buy new shoes or have old ones repaired get Phillips Stick-a-Soles and Phillips Heels fitted. Phillips Soles are fixed firm as a rock with Phillips solution only—no nails, no screws. Then your shoes will last longer, look smarter, and never be down at heel. If your shoes just need healing, fit Phillips Heels. Phillips save you money at every step.



Phillips

STICK-A-SOLES and PHILLIPS HEELS

Phillips Soles and Heels are entirely British made.



Doctors and Nurses recommend 'California Syrup of Figs'

They know it to be a perfectly safe and natural fruit Laxative. It ensures gentle but thorough action and the kiddies love its delicious flavour.

When your child gets cross and peevish, has a coated tongue and a headache, all that is needed to restore

health and happiness is 'California Syrup of Figs,' Nature's own laxative. The wise mother follows the advice of doctors and nurses and gives a dose of 'California Syrup of Figs' brand laxative each week. Obtainable everywhere. Be sure to emphasize 'CALIFORNIA.'

The Spa Treatment That Doctors Recommend For URIC ACID Trouble

For over half-a-century medical men have recommended Kutnow's Powder in cases of rheumatism, lumbago, gout, sciatica, etc. All the active medicinal principles of the famous Carlsbad mineral springs are reproduced in Kutnow's Powder. In an agreeable and improved form, it gives you a Spa treatment at home.

KUTNOW'S POWDER

In a smooth, gentle way Kutnow's Powder regulates bowel action and has a cleansing, salutary influence on the liver and kidneys. By purifying the blood and eliminating excess bile and acids, Kutnow's Powder raises the general tone of the system. Free from sugar, perfectly safe for the diabetic.



Every bottle of Kutnow's effervescent Powder bears the "Deer Leap" of Carlsbad registered trade mark and facsimile signature of S. Kutnow & Co. Ltd.

Obtainable of
all Chemists.

THERE'S
NOTHING
LIKE
RONUK
FOR
POLISHING
FLOORS

Hitler—Last Chapter?

(Continued from page 15)

fusty cafés and frowsy back rooms, watching, listening, ferreting out any possible cells of hostility to his military masters. One day he finds himself in a dingy room, at a meeting of one of the innumerable splinter groups formed in that time of chaos and collapse. It was a workers' group, and the orator was against the Jews, capitalists, communists, Christianity, the aristocrats, monarchy. "We must have a German rebirth. Germany needs a Fuehrer."

An electric moment for the thirty-year-old Hitler. He did not know that he was present at the flowering of seeds sown over a century by German philosophers, economists, historians, and churchmen, preaching anti-Semitism, anti-capitalism, anti-liberalism. He had not read Fichte's *Geschlossene Handelsstaat*, did not know that that nineteenth-century writer had proposed a Zwingherr, a despot, to regenerate Germany. All he knew was that he was in on the ground floor of a likely-looking political party that might go far in post-war Germany. Next day he signed his membership card: No. 7. At last, a career opened, one that promised to bring him fame, fortune, power, everything he craved to assuage his wounded vanity, provide an outlet for his bursting energies, and bury his frustration complex. He would be a politician, nationalist, but revolutionary, the people's Fuehrer.

AS the group's most effective haranguer, Aideas man, intriguer, and thruster, he soon got them to vote him leader. Once there, he changed the party constitution so that the vote which had put him in could not put him out. The leader was immovable; the party must have iron discipline, and yield unquestioning obedience. Thirteen years later, when he persuaded the Germans to make him their leader—again in a time of chaos and collapse, this time engendered by the great economic slump—it was easy to perform the trick again. The immovable leader, the disciplined group—this time a nation of seventy millions—forced to yield unquestioning obedience, "or else!" Around him, his trusty gang, ready for anything, eager for aggrandisement and loot.

He made only one false step in that climb up. That was when he tried a premature resort to force. A narrow shave, when the Landspolezi blasted his parade. Fourteen of his men fell. He threw himself flat too quickly to stop one. The old soldier's instinct.

Roehm, that gross ass, had been a simple problem. He saw himself again, waiting in the Godesburg hotel on the night of June 29, 1934, with Goebbels, Buch and Brueckner. Goering rang. All set in Berlin. Himmler rang. All set in Munich. It was two in the morning. Off he flew to Munich, met Himmler on the airfield, was assured that all resident S.A. leaders had been arrested or killed, and rushed with his guards in armoured cars to catch Roehm in his bed in Wiessee. It was all over for Roehm and company bar the shooting, and that didn't take long. The generals grew respectful after that: Mussolini, too, debauched old hanger-on, who had called him a "garrulous monk" after their first meeting in Venice, and said he wouldn't last.

Then it was just a question of fooling every one and holding off a preventive war until they got the motorised war machine built, tested, perfected, the political plays made, and the fifth columnists organised. He had talked too much in *Mein Kampf*, written between 1924 and 1926 for a revolutionary party which then numbered only 72,000; but luckily nobody abroad bothered to read it, and as copyright owner he could see that authorised translations were heavily expurgated. After the test of the Rhineland re-occupation, he knew he could go far before the British people woke up. Without them, the French daren't move.

His life changed fast. After power, riches—the life of a Cræsus. His study-bedroom

quarters in the Schaub house at Thierschstrasse 41, in Munich; his little chalet later on the Obersalzberg between Berchtesgaden and Salzburg; even his 1930 headquarters at the opulent Kaiserhof and his sixteen-roomed luxury flat at 16 Prinzregentenplatz, in Berlin: all were faint spots far down the steep hill of his climb. The old Chancellery in Berlin was not sumptuous enough: he had built a vast new one, with a palatial apartment for himself, and the world's deepest and most solid steel-and-concrete bomb-proof shelter. The Haus Wachenfeld chalet he had rebuilt as Der Berghof, and enlarged until it was as big as a grand super-hotel, with hundreds of rooms, a dining-room big as a restaurant, a regiment of liveried footmen, all standing in 2,800 acres enclosed by a ten-foot barbed wire fence and guarded by regiments of his own S.S. corps d'élite guards. He tired of that, too, and planned with Todt his eagle's nest on the Obersalzberg's highest peak.

His first entry had given even him a thrill. He drove with Todt along nine miles of winding road blasted out of the mountain side. At the road's end gigantic bronze doors swung open, and the mountain swallowed them, but not before he had noted approvingly the machine gun nests flanking the entrances. The hydraulic lift carried him up, up, to a great gallery leading into an enormous pillared hall which seemed to hang in space. Beyond the vast windows, sky and a snowy panorama of distant mountains. In the immense fireplace, half-tree trunks burnt as logs.

The main feature was a huge crystal globe map, illuminated from within. Many a night he stood before this tinted globe, amid the nocturnal silence of the mountains, perched high above the little folk of the lower world, and scrambled nations, continents, oceans, geography, and history, to make the mighty pattern of his own, his Hitlerian world empire, ruled and run by the *herrenvolk* who "heiled" him somewhere or other almost every minute of the day and night.

EVERYTHING had gone to schedule after the Rhineland affair. A shake-up of the old-guard generals before the Austrian coup wasn't as important as it looked. He was safe in the adhesion of the ambitious younger set. After Austria, he mounted the laurel-leaf insignia of the Prussian officer in his cap band.

Austria, the Sudeten fortress line; Bohemia and Moravia, Danzig, Poland, France. He had seen the pattern clearly, the combinations, brooding on the Kehlstein peak while the world slept. But then the cogs began to slip.

First, it was a military cog. He had planned, with his generals, to encircle and destroy the British Army in France. It was Britain's only trained and fully-equipped army; and without it, they would come to terms. But the army got away, 300,000 out of 350,000; the R.A.F. fighters, unexpectedly good, drove off the Luftwaffe; and Churchill replaced the tragic old bourgeois appeaser from Birmingham. It was astounding. His vision faded of proclaiming victory and peace from Buckingham Palace, before the autumn of 1940; and then mounting a coalition campaign against a friendless Russia in the spring of 1941.

Goering wanted him to lay off Russia, keep on hammering at Britain's midriff in Africa and the Near East. But Keitel, Jodl and Brauchitsch favoured the eastern campaign. It was less risky. A crash into the Middle East would expose a vulnerable flank to the Red armies, besides weakening the German front against Russia from the Baltic to the Black Sea. Russia had better be hit before she got stronger; the British could be tackled later.

That fitted in with his own political predilections. The attack on the Reds would be popular in some influential British and American quarters. The European fascist quisling governments would support it.

American opinion would be confused. A Hitlerite proclamation of victory and peace from the Kremlin, before the first snows fell, would shake the world, and was the best chance in sight to realise his political objective: a breathing space disguised as peace, and the discrediting of the anti-Nazi war leaders in the post-war disillusion and confusion.

THE military cog slipped again. Had the eastern-school generals foreseen it? Were they deceiving him, leading him on to defeat in order to break his myth and destroy him? It was possible. Unfortunately he couldn't put into Brauchitsch the assassin's bullet which had rid him of Schleicher and Fritsch. He could retire and blame him, and henceforth play his last cards with his own hand. Crisis had always called forth his full powers. And the incalculable factors in war offered plenty of chances. His enemies made mistakes: they might make more—one too many.

Already they were making the blunder of surmising that, like Napoleon, he had found his grave in Russia. But although he had started at the same time as the Corsican, taken the same route, executed the same manoeuvres, and suffered the same disappointment—failure to destroy the Russian armies piecemeal by driving forward, withholding the right wing, hammering in a wedge, and then bringing up the right in a pincers to engulf one army and annihilate it—his was a German and not a French army, and his war engine's speed was ten times that of Napoleon's.

True, he had been driven to strain military logistics by the same urge which impelled Napoleon to take identical risks, pushing on to Moscow instead of wintering at Smolensk, because conquered Europe growled, the British blockaded his land-locked prison, his own people grew restless, even his marshals were sick of war, and he desperately needed a spectacular victory, and peace. But with a good army, disciplined, railways, and motors instead of horses, an indomitable will, and luck, Napoleon could have withdrawn in order, resumed in the spring, and won. And he, Hitler, would yet do that!

The Japanese were striking shrewd blows, compelling the enemy to disperse his forces, threatening to cut the Russian and British Empire supply lines. Time was the danger. His enemies had been muddled, divided, hesitant. Now they were coalescing, and the American machine power, equalling that of the rest of the world put together, was coming massively into play. A 1942 American programme of 45,000 tanks, 60,000 warplanes, and 8,000,000 tons of ships; a 1943 programme of 56,000 tanks, 125,000 planes, and 10,000,000 tons of ships. Such a flood would overwhelm him—if he could not stop it in time.

But if one could knock out the British quickly, crash through into Africa and Asia Minor, capture Malta, Gibraltar, Alexandria, drive the British Fleet from the Mediterranean; and if the Japanese could get Singapore and the Dutch Indies... the picture would change.

He must win. It was unthinkable that he could fail, fall, repeat the revolutionary pattern of his boyhood—he, with his great architect's creative dream, his project for leading the Germanic peoples to the overlordship of the planet, his dream of immortality as the founder of the world empire of the *herrenvolk*, worshipped as the Germanic Mahomet, with *Mein Kampf* as his Koran.

Tomorrow, he would start conferences for the next, the decisive campaign

REASSURED, relaxed, Hitler glanced idly at his architectural drawings. On top was the one he was working on, the monument to stand in the new German imperial capital, commemorating his victories and perpetuating his name as the founder of the last and greatest human empire. But he shuddered, caught by one of those old hysterical terrors which used to make him scream uncontrollably as a boy. He saw that what he had sketched was not symbolic of victory: it was the outline of a tomb.

END

Britannia & Eve for March, 1942

G*

The Food for General Fitness

DEMAND EXCEEDS SUPPLY

More Shredded Wheat is now asked for than can be made under war-time conditions but we are doing our best to supply where the need is greatest.



SHREDDED WHEAT 100% FOOD

Nip Kiddies' Colds in the Bud

Home Made Cough Medicine Every Mother Ought to Keep

The secret of stopping children's colds getting serious is a dose at the first cough or sneeze. Here is a very simple but highly effective medicine every mother ought to keep always handy.

Directions: Heat half a pint of water to which you add one ounce of Parment (Double Strength) which is made up from ten of the most healing and soothing ingredients. You may sweeten the mixture to your own taste with any one of the following: A little sugar, or syrup, or juice from jam, or tinned fruit. The children simply love this mixture. Take one tablespoonful four times per day; for children use a teaspoon. The 1 oz. of Parment (double strength) is obtainable at any good chemist. Cut out this recipe so as not to forget the ingredients and dosage.



Carrotty George

He's a great favourite in the kitchen, our Carrotty George. He has a hundred and one ways of making himself agreeable. Given a chance he'll enter into your pots and pans with real relish. Even if you reduce him to dice he won't be cut up; and he takes frying, steaming, stewing or boiling, in perfectly good part. He plays the leading part in

Club Carrots

Scrub and grate six large carrots and mix with a teaspoonful of finely shredded white heart of cabbage. Make a dressing of 1 small teacupful thick unflavoured custard, 1 tablespoon salad oil, 1 teaspoon vinegar, 1/2 teaspoon each mustard, pepper, and salt, and 1 tablespoon finely chopped pickles. Toast 4 thick slices of bread on each side, then slit open to make large pockets. Spread the insides of these pockets with margarine, and stuff with the filling. Serve at once. A first-rate supper dish.

C6



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Increased my own Height to 6ft. 3ins.

ROSS SYSTEM NEVER FAILS

Fee £2 2s. Complete. Details 6d. stamp.

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Now there is a NEW

SMALLER TABLET OF KNIGHT'S CASTILE 4^D (INCLUDING TAX)



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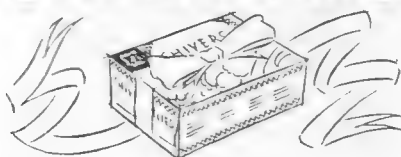


MESSAGE TO WAR-TIME BRIDES

from Chivers

First of all, may we wish you every happiness and good fortune—both now and in the better days which are ahead. And when we have won through to those days, Chivers Jellies will no longer be scarce, which will make housekeeping much easier, and very much more enjoyable.

CHIVERS JELLIES



It's divine!

It's distinctive!

**It's DIFFERENT
Tattoo!**



The gold-dusted South Seas maidens who know all love's answers found the dawn-dewy secret that belongs only to Tattoo! Dawn-dewiness glamorous transparent stain instead of greasy coating! Tattoo... put it on... let set... wipe off... only the colour stays! A lure that's sure to endure... through kisses and cocktails... everything! Tattoo... the different lipstick.

• METAL MAKES GUNS!
Keep your Tattoo holder:
buy refills, especially in the
4/6 size.

4/6 Plus Purchase Tax 1/-
(refills 3 - plus 8d. Tax)
2/6 Plus Purchase Tax 6d.
(refills 1/6, plus 4d. Tax)

**NOW
TEN
SHADES**

TATTOO

your lips!

Big Business (Continued from page 32)

like himself to practise finance with a reasonable degree of security. That was a sound business arrangement. He was willing to lay six to four.

Leo informed him curtly that he wasn't betting.

After that they fell silent. Deep night came, and with it a trance-like calm. The sea glimmered faintly to the stars. The moon soared above the dense jungle, sketching in shadow the delicate tracery of the palm fronds. Slowly the aircraft drifted in and at last settled down in shallow water. Leo and Solly waded to the shore, looked for a moment at the sinking aircraft, and then, by mutual consent, set off along the beach on their hundred miles hike.

They walked all night, and lavender-tinted dawn found them on a rough indented foreshore where the sand shelved steeply into deep water. They had just decided to lie up for an hour when an aircraft, a Mitsubishi, dropped out of the blue and circled over them. They could see the Rising Sun insignia on its wings, and a golden dragon device on the fin. It didn't occur to either of them that they were in any danger; in fact, Leo, who still clung to medieval notions of chivalry, outworn though he knew them to be, waved his hand. The Jap replied by dropping his nose and spraying them with his guns.

Naturally, they both sprinted for the cover of the timber, about fifty yards away. Leo reached it to find that he was alone. Looking back he saw Solly on the ground, trying to drag himself along. The Jap was just coming in to deliver the *coup de grace*. That made no difference to Leo, who, spitting a burst of profanity through his teeth, dashed back to Solly, picked him up and carried him into the jungle. The Jap went on his way.

Solly's slacks were wet and sticky. Leo got them off to find a nasty mess. A bullet had shattered Solly's thigh. Leo took off his shirt and began tearing it into strips, but Solly stopped him.

"Thanks for pulling me in, Leo," he said. "That puts you in the lead again. But there's no sense in putting your shirt on a loser. I'm a non-starter. That little yellow swipe has taken my number out of the frame. You get along."

Leo, who was a bit dense in some things, didn't understand, and Solly had to explain. At the finish Leo looked incredulous.

"Are you suggesting that I go on and leave you here?" he asked in a shocked voice.

"Of course," answered Solly. "If you stay here we both fall at the same jump, and that would be bad business."

"I'm not in business," grated Leo.

Solly smiled wanly. "No use talking like that, old boy. The country can't make a profit while fellows like you throw away its most valuable assets for a mere whim. It gives me a pain every time I hear of the best man in a torpedoed ship voluntarily going down with his mount. If my horse falls I don't expect the jockey to cut his throat. I'd rather see him in the saddle again, winning races."

"Customs mean more than cash to some of us," put in Leo in a hard voice.

"Evidently, but I still say it's damn bad business," argued Solly. "So is this attitude of yours. You're so stuffed up with tradition that you can't see the winning post."

"I'll make a drag-sled and tow you in," decided Leo.

"But it'll take you all your time to finish the course as it is," returned Solly. "By yourself, I should say you've an even money chance. Cluttered up with me you haven't an earthly."

"We might be picked up," suggested Leo.

Solly shook his head. "It's a thousand to one against, and long shots don't come off so often that you can afford to gamble on them. Chuck the lead out of your saddle and keep going. You may be in time to send a stretcher party."

Leo took out his penknife. "I'm going to make a sled," he announced evenly. "Wherever we're going we go together. At any

rate, we'll make a match of it; I never could see any fun in a walk over."

Solly sighed. "No wonder you mug punters never make any dough. Now, let's look at it from the business angle—"

"Save your breath," answered Leo. "The Normans may have snatched your paddock, but they were never welshers. And as for business—well, some things mean more to us than dividends. I'm staying."

Solly lay and looked at the sea while Leo cut bamboos and the sun toiled wearily across the heavens. After a while he said: "I wish you could find me a drink, Leo. Maybe there's a pool or something in the botanical gardens behind us."

Leo replied: "I'll have a look round," and strode away into the jungle. He was gone about half an hour. He couldn't find water, but he collected some half-ripe melons in an abandoned clearing. When he got back to the place where he'd left Solly, Solly wasn't there. A furrow in the sand, like the laboured groove made by a nesting turtle, showed which way he had gone. It dragged down into the sea, ending at the deep water.

Leo could only sit and stare, while minutes passed, each an eternity; while ripples came over the edge of the world to fall upon the beach and die. The only sound was the measured beat of surf on a distant reef.

At last he rose and walked back slowly up the furrow to the place where Solly had lain, and there he found a page torn from a notebook. It read:

Dear Leo, sorry to pull out of the race, but you couldn't have finished the course with a loose horse in the running. In my kit you'll find a note addressed to you. The document was sent to me on my instructions from my London office after you took a drop-shot with the snake. Knowing that one can't back winners all the time I prepared for a losing day. In any case, your lawyers would have told you how matters stood when you went home. Whether you like it or not, business is business. My salaams to the boys. Maybe we'll meet again, in the paddock, when we've all weighed in. Solly. P.S. Push that little swipe in the Japanese colours over the rails for me when you catch up with him.

Leo put the note in his pocket and started walking.

THE group captain slowly turned his port glass by the stem so that the amber in it glowed.

"That's the story as Leo told it to me. We went across to Solly's quarter and found the letter. Leo opened it and took out a document at which he stared with expressionless face for a full minute—or it may have been two. Then without a word he passed it to me."

"It was a note of hand for fifty thousand pounds, contracted with Solomon & Co., Turf Commission Agents, by Lord Tallebois—Leo's uncle who pledged the estate as security. Across a stamp at the foot, dated the day before the loan was due to mature—which happened to be just after Leo had kicked the snake—had been written: 'Capital and interest paid in full. Signed, Isaac J. Solomon, Managing Director.'

"I asked Leo if he knew anything about it. He told me no; he knew his uncle had lost a lot of money on the turf, but he didn't know that he'd gambled away the estate. 'Well,' I said, 'you seem to have backed a winner, anyway.' Then I returned to the office."

The group captain smiled faintly. "Perhaps I was the only one who knew why, the next time Leo took the air, his new machine bore on its nose a curious device. It was a symbol formed of two interlaced triangles, making a six-pointed star. I don't suppose there were many fellows even in the squadron who knew what it was."

The American looked puzzled. "What was it?"

The group captain considered his wine thoughtfully. "Solomon's seal."

"Ah—huh. Did Leo get the golden dragon?"

"Yes, he got it. He flew eight hours a day until he found it."



It Shines in the Services
NUGGET
MILITARY TAN
BOOT POLISH
for Extra Smartness
 IN BLACK, MILITARY TAN & DARK BROWN
 SUPREME FOR QUALITY N/GU

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Of no condition or ailment in the world has more been "talked" than of "The Change"—the trying, anxious time through which all women must pass. Until recent years practically the only knowledge available on this subject was that handed down from mother to daughter—so often erroneous—more often than not frightening, so that women approaching forty looked upon these years with dread.

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The adjutant drew a deep breath. "Then he had his revenge, at any rate."

The group captain shook his head. "Somehow I fancy Leo wasn't concerned overmuch with revenge," he said quietly. "He was content with the judgment of Solomon; and from then on his flying was more a matter of—er—business."

END

Books

(Continued from page 25)

last century. I would describe it as an ample novel, with plenty of colour and adventure, ranging from a New York farm, to whaling, life out West, and the Civil War, and the whole essentially human. Cotter loves horses, the power that money can buy, children and the country, and dies an old man after a full life which makes a good peg for a panorama of the period, and as such is clearly a film subject.

Of the same period, though this time in England, is "A Shocking Bad Hat" (Hurst and Blackett, 9s. 6d.) in which Dorothy Hewlett dresses a modern type thriller in the trappings of hansom cabs, peelers, and crinolines. And a very good mixture it makes, with Inspector Bill as the unorthodox Bow Street detective. All leads up to an international plot to murder Queen Victoria at the opening of the Great Exhibition in Hyde Park.

Whether you know anything of music or not you will appreciate Lord Berners "Count Omega" (Constable and Co.), a fantasy full of delicate satire. An all-powerful millionaire with a love of practical jokes takes up a young composer and backs the first performance of his great symphony, in which his adopted daughter is to provide the finale. I cannot spoil the finale by revealing it but in these days of the scarcity of eggs this volume is as welcome as an *omelette surprise*, or perhaps it would be more accurate to say, as a *crêpe Jeanne d'Arc*, and as light.

"SHOW HOUSE SOLD" (Rich and Cowan, 8s. 6d.) is a study of a murderer who to conceal his crime lives a double life as a bigamist with two wives, both of whom he loves. The contrast between his life with his real wife, as a rich man and head of a firm, and his life with a pretty little suburban "wife," when he has to pretend to be a commercial traveller in his own firm, is well done and accurately thought out, as one expects of Russell Thorndike. His troubles really begin when a third woman falls in love with him, and his efforts to escape are dramatic, and not without humour.

It was inevitable that the bombing of the Café de Paris should provide an idea for a novel. In Noel Streatfeild's "I Ordered A Table For Six" (Collins, 7s. 6d.) the Porte Verte gets the bomb. The party of six consists of Adela, who repeats the Athanasian creed to herself when she feels like losing her temper, an American millionaire who is backing her war charity, her sweet young daughter, Meggie, Claire (an A.R.P. worker), a shy young airman who has just got his wings, and a young rotter from the Army. Which will be spared?—that is the whole theme, and a very good one Miss Streatfeild makes of it as, by describing their lives and thoughts, she leads them together through the restaurant doors to the fatal dinner. A book which is well prepared like a perfect dish, the work of an artist.

If a man, out of the goodness of his heart, lifts you from poverty to comparative wealth and trains you as his successor as head of a great store, and then you fall in love with his beautiful young wife, what should you do? That is the plot of "The Haunted Heart" (Cassell, 7s. 6d.), and old as is the problem of loving the wife of your best friend, Norah C. James renews the interest with a variety of twists and turns, which include the evacuation from Dunkirk. At one time I thought, "overwritten and underthought"—but by the end I had revised my opinion for there is merit in the telling of this tale.

END

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BOB MARTIN'S

CONDITION POWDERS

keep dogs fit

Zigzag Sweater (Continued from page 40)

straight until armholes measure 8 ins. round curve. Cast off 7 sts. at armhole edge on every other row until there are no sts. left. Work other side the same. Sew up one shoulder seam and pick up 92 sts. all round neck with No. 11 needles and work in pink k. 1, p. 1 rib for 5 rows. Cast off.

SLEEVES (two alike)

Cast on 76 sts. with No. 9 needles. Work 6 rows all k., then 2 ins. pink st.st. Then work the stripes, starting with 8 rows pink, then 8 blue, 8 green, 4 navy and so on. When there are 3 ins. worked m. 1 st. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 90 sts. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 50 sts. Finish stripe you are working, continuing to dec., then change to pink wool. Work all pink, st.st. and dec. to 30 sts. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Sew up side, sleeves and $\frac{1}{2}$ in. of second shoulder seam. Sew press studs to shoulder. Sew in sleeves, gathering at shoulders.

Gather lower 3 ins. of sleeve seams.

LARGER SIZES

A little more wool is needed for these sizes. For 36-in. bust use No. 8 needles in place of No. 9 and No. 10 in place of No. 11.

For 38-in. to 40-in. bust use needles as 34 size and follow the pattern with these alterations:

THE BACK

Cast on 106 sts. instead of 91. Inc. to 126 instead of 111 at bust. Make side seams longer than 12 ins. if liked. Reduce to 106 instead of 91 at shoulders. Cast off 7 sts. 10 times instead of 8, leaving 36 instead of 35.

FRONT

As above until shaping neck, then work 44 sts. Cast off 16, work 44. Reduce to 35 instead of 28 for shoulders.

SLEEVES

Cast on 91 instead of 76. Inc. to 105 instead of 90. Reduce to 65 instead of 50, then dec. to 45 instead of 30.

Dress for a Girl (Continued from page 40)

and continue to dec. at side seam until there are 78 sts. Change to No. 10 needles and continue straight until work measures 27 ins. Change to No. 8 needles and m. 1 st. at outside edge on every 3rd row until there are 52 sts.

Work a few inches straight to make side seam $6\frac{1}{2}$ ins. since first inc. K. 2 tog. at armhole edge on every row until there are 40 sts. Work straight until armhole measures 8 ins. round curve. Cast off 7 sts. at armhole edge on every other row until there are 12 sts. Cast off. Return to other side and work to correspond.

SLEEVES (two alike)

With No. 8 needles cast on 42 sts. Work st.st. for 1 in. M. 1 st. at beg. and end of every 4th row until there are 64 sts. Work straight until side seams are $16\frac{1}{2}$ ins. M. 1 st. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 76 sts. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 20 sts. Cast off.

Cast on 10 sts. with No. 11 needles. Work all k. for 7 ins. Cast off. Work another cuff the same.

EDGING STRIPS (after making up)

Cast on 10 sts. with No. 11 needles. Work a strip to go along casting off of rever at neck, round back of neck and along other rever.

Work a piece 65 ins. and leave on safety pin until sewn on. Start tacking this strip on edge of left rever, down front, round to hip, round back, round right hip up to first button. Work a buttonhole as follows: Work 4 sts., cast off 3, work to end.

Next row.—Work up to casting off, turn, cast on 3 sts., turn, work to end of row. Rep. this every 3 ins. up to within 9 ins. of top of rever. Leave on needle.

POCKETS (two alike)

Cast on 30 sts. Work all k. for 3 ins. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row until there are 18 sts. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Sew up side, sleeve and shoulder seams. Sew on cuffs. Sew in sleeves, gathering at shoulders. Sew on pockets. Sew edging strip so that it follows lower edge of pockets. Hem 1 in. at lower edge and press gently.

Habits that Mean Health (Continued from page 41)

In the evening, never sit down to a meal if you are physically exhausted. The edge can be taken off the utter exhaustion of a working day by just five or ten minutes' complete relaxation.

After the meal, relax again. Do not go out immediately to do the dishes if that is your task. Let all activity wait until your meal has had time to digest.

If you have been using your eyes all day, do not spend the evening reading. If you have been sitting all day, do not loll in an armchair for the rest of your waking hours. If you have been on your feet all day you must, sometime before going to bed, do foot exercises and a little foot massage. But no matter what you have been doing all day there is one golden health rule—a short brisk walk, with deep breathing, before you go to bed.

Your lungs should be filled to their deepest capacity with fresh air before you retire. If this sounds too difficult, at least go into the open air and do a couple of minutes' deep breathing. After this you must forgo any more cigarettes. That last cigarette in bed is

a fatally bad habit. The lingering fumes in your lungs poison your body all night. Two glasses of water just before you get into bed finish up the day's good habits.

Lights are out. You lie in bed tired physically, mentally, or both. Go into your sleep properly: Stretch your limbs one by one; stretch them sinuously and let them drop into the weighty passivity of complete relaxation. Feel that you are sinking through the bed. Arms, legs, hands, fingers, ankles, spine, neck, chin, even the muscles in your forehead and around your eyes should be relaxed.

Before you master this habit you will find, checking over yourself, that, tired as you may be, sleepy as a cat, you have tense forehead muscles, a tightly-held chin and still-concentrating eye muscles. Relax them all and let your body fall into a really restful sleep, knowing that there are at least seven or eight hours of sleeping time ahead of you—no more.

Simple enough habits, but can you truthfully say they are yours? If not, you are not giving your body a fair deal.

Old Tales Re-told (Continued from page 24)

dearly. It was a cup made out of the skull of Cunimund, the father of Rosamond. Cleverly mounted on a metal base, it was used as the emblem of victory.

Rosamond had never seen it, and had been heard to express disbelief in its existence. However, during the revels at Verona, Albion became excited by wine and wanted

to feast his eyes on the trophy. General applause greeted the hideous thing as it was set before him. His eyes gleaming with drunken joy, Albion shouted: "Fill it with wine to the brim and bring it to the Queen!"

When Rosamond beheld the cup deposited before her, she became as pale as wax, but

swiftly recovered her composure. Alboin urged her to drink, saying: "It is my wish that you should enjoy it with your father." Her mental agony was almost unendurable, but she found strength to reply: "Let the wish of my lord be obeyed." And while her lips approached the smooth surface of the vessel, she formed the determination to make the tyrant pay for this torture and avenge her father in a fitting way.

She had found compensation for her unhappy marriage in the love of the handsome Helmiakis, armour-bearer to the king. Only in his arms had she been able to put off the mask she was compelled to wear normally. And it was to him that she confided her plan to kill her husband. Helmiakis hesitated before expressing approval and then said that he must have an accomplice.

Perhaps in his heart he felt that he had already done the king the utmost injury any man could suffer, and was loath to go further. But Rosamond was determined not to let anything stand in her way. She speedily found another man whom she could trust. This was Peredeus, one of the finest and bravest warriors among the Lombards, and the lover of one of her own handmaidens. The Queen's proposal did not much please him, however, and he expostulated that he was a soldier and could only kill in self-defence; but he promised to keep her secret, and for the moment this was all that she could get from him.

What followed shows the lengths of imaginative ingenuity to which a woman will go when she is sufficiently roused.

It happened that the waiting-maid who loved Peredeus had exactly the same physical proportions as that of her royal mistress; and this resemblance gave Rosamond the devilish idea which she subsequently carried out.

The Queen knew that it was her maid's practice to smuggle her lover into her chamber late at night. She therefore, by dint of exercising her authority and powers of persuasion, made the girl arrange one of these nocturnal meetings and find some pretext for keeping the room in darkness. She herself would take the maid's place. If the deception succeeded, the rest would be

easy. At the appointed hour, the bird fell into the snare more easily than could have been hoped. The first words whispered by the ardent lover were smothered by kisses, and two soft arms crept round his neck. Is there then some truth in the saying: "Every woman is the same when the light is out"? Peredeus at least did not make any further inquiries until daybreak—when he was rudely awakened by Rosamond shouting to her maid to come in and bring a lamp.

For a moment he thought he must be in the grip of a nightmare; but when the girl appeared and he realised his position he fell on his knees, unable to utter a word. It was Rosamond who spoke. She said: "Now you are guilty of an adultery that can only be expiated with death. You have said that in self-defence you would kill, therefore, *kill the king*, if you do not wish me to denounce you."

Peredeus clasped his throbbing head, searching in vain for a way out of the trap. But there was none; and he gave in.

After another orgy of drinking Alboin retired to his private chamber, where he was assaulted by Peredeus who had been previously smuggled in by the Queen. The tyrant grasped his sword, but he could not unsheathe it. Rosamond had thought of everything. The hilt was firmly tied to the scabbard. He grabbed a stool, but could not parry with it the deadly blows of Peredeus. Thus he fell. Before they closed for ever, his eyes were fixed on the face of his wife, who stood there enjoying to the full the taste of revenge.

It is unfortunate that the story of Rosamond cannot end here. A second murder, this time without justification, compels posterity to deny her the name of heroine. She poisoned her lover. He, alarmed by the unpleasant taste of the beverage he was drinking, put his sword to her throat and forced her to consume the rest of the cup. It proved fatal for both of them.

The tragedies of mankind unwind themselves in many different ways, but their causes are merely repetitive. Human passions commit excesses, and are avenged by more passions—the perennial unchanging theme of human history and human woe.

END

The Last Torpedo (Continued from page 28)

time was once again lagging. Then suddenly: "Up periscope." There was a jauntiness in the captain's voice. He was going to watch that destroyer blown to pieces by his own skill. "Ten seconds to go," came that thin voice once again.

The watchers waited. Ten seconds passed, then fifteen—then thirty, and then the captain took his eye away hastily. "Full speed both—one hundred metres and look alive," he croaked. As the U-boat gathered way and tilted down he caught the eye of the "war correspondent" and shivered.

THE roar of the steam from the waste pipes ceased as suddenly as it had started. An astonishing hush prevailed and in that first clear second the destroyer's captain saw the torpedo. It was long and dark and it leapt towards its target like a live thing. There was a heavy thud as it struck the ship's side—a thud that could be felt everywhere, but no explosion, no roar, no blinding flash—nothing more. Never was a sound more welcome. The thing was a dud. It brought back to the minds of those who knew its import a new lease of life. To the captain it seemed that the sun was shining more brightly than ever before and that the heavens were full of the songs of countless larks. The heavy weights that had dragged on his limbs were shed in a trice and he sprang to take retributive action. "Full ahead both. Stand by the depth charges!" Now it was his turn.

He went to the engine-room telephone and spoke softly to the chief. "All you know—old boy, we've got a Fritz."

With helm hard over the destroyer swung, listing heavily, towards the source of origin of the torpedo. Straight down the line of

bubbles she went and presently at a word from the captain a dull salvo of depth charges were discharged from her stern and counters. A brief pause and then the great mounds of foam showed on the surface, which quivered from the shock of the submarine explosions whilst the destroyer rattled as if some giant hand had picked it up and shaken it. Then as the helm was put over on it again and she moved round in her tracks to deliver another blow, the port lookout gave tongue. "A nobjick on the port bow," he reported, pointing for all to see.

As those aboard the destroyer watched and as the captain rang down "Stop" to the engine-room, the U-boat's conning tower and bridge appeared for a brief moment and a number of tiny figures could be seen scrambling desperately on to the upper works. Then the conning tower vanished and up came a duck-shaped stern, from which two propellers whizzed futilely in the air; and then they too disappeared and all that remained was a swirl of oily water and two black dots swimming for dear life away from the spot.

A minute later the sea-boat was in the water and pulling lustily to pick up survivors. As they neared the swimmers one of them threw up his arms and disappeared and there remained but one man. They pulled him inboard and returned to the destroyer. He told his rescuers that he was a "war correspondent," and that the other swimmer had been the captain of UZ103. It was a pity he said that the captain could not have kept afloat a little longer. It was a simple enough declaration, but as he spoke his rescuers felt the chill of death in their bones and knew not why.

END



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Sorcery (Continued from page 19)

who was acting as the baroness's postman. He studied the list of names of those who had left England about the time the letter had been sent. From this list he selected a diplomat attached to a neutral embassy. The country, represented by this embassy, was very close to the war, and was certain to maintain regular correspondence with its London office. Assuming that to be the channel, how prove it? Obviously, the first person to contact was the private detective attached to the hotel where the baroness had her suite.

On the K.C.'s invitation the detective came to see him; he proved a competent man, an ex-member of the London police force, and well acquainted with the famous criminal lawyer's work. This was fortunate for it made it unnecessary for the lawyer to give any explanation for inquiring about the baroness.

He learnt that she went out a good deal and did not receive many visitors in her private suite. The most frequent of these was the public man already referred to; she was also sometimes visited by an attaché from a neutral embassy; the attaché was an attractive young man, who called about once a week and often brought packages or parcels. In this connexion the detective told about a parcel of silk stockings. He had discovered about these through a chambermaid who was a friend of the baroness's personal maid; the chambermaid had learnt that the baroness had recently acquired a dozen pairs of silk stockings; the maid believed the stockings must have been obtained from the black market, as she knew her mistress had no coupons left; they were of French manufacture.

THE detective had been sufficiently interested to obtain the packing in which the stockings had come; this was possible as all paper was salvaged. So he was able to examine the cardboard box in which the stockings were packed, and the brown paper that had been wrapped round the box. The brown paper bore an airport customs mark. As the box had been taken to the hotel by the young attaché, it was a fair inference that the stockings had been brought into the country by a neutral diplomat whose baggage had been passed through without question. The young attaché belonged to the embassy which the K.C. suspected.

The detective also said that it was the baroness's custom to make purchases by messenger boys; the lads would be given orders to take to different shops stating her requirements, and be told to come back with the goods; she used to send out for medicines in this way, and also cakes, sweets and cigarettes, when obtainable.

The detective mentioned one other fact; this was that the baroness had had the telephone taken out of her suite; he said she often left word with the hall porter that if her regular friend, the public man, rang up he was to be told she was out. She used to do this when the young attaché was visiting her.

"Do you think the young man is her lover?" Sir John asked.

The detective nodded.

The K.C. continued his inquiries for a few more days; at the end of this period he decided on a plan.

In the execution of this plan he was helped by his professional experience. Among those he had defended or prosecuted he remembered George Bell; the fellow had finished a sentence and was, he knew, on ticket of leave. He sent a message to this man asking him to call.

Mr. Bell showed up at once; he held the K.C. in esteem for the latter had helped his family after he was convicted.

After inquiring about the ex-convict's family and prospects, the K.C. opened business negotiations: "I want to ask you a question Mr. Bell which you are well qualified to answer. Would you say that a really good forger, a man who could take in a bank with a signature on a cheque, could forge a complete letter?" he asked.

George Bell, a well-educated, carefully dressed man, thought a moment, then said: "If he had a sufficient number of specimens of handwriting I should say he could. Forgery is a craft. I suppose in relation to art it most closely resembles sculpture. Do you know how many real sculptors there are in the country; men who can work with a chisel straight from stone?"

"No," the K.C. said.

"Somebody said three. Epstein's one; the type of man you speak of would have to be able to do more than copy a signature; he would need to be a real artist."

"Such as yourself," the lawyer suggested.

Mr. Bell looked deprecatingly at the ground.

"Could you forge a complete letter?" the K.C. asked.

Mr. Bell reflected before answering: "That would depend on the letter. I might be able to reproduce the handwriting, but I could not guarantee the wording of the letter. I mean people have their own way of expressing themselves."

"I see your point," the lawyer said. "This letter would be a simple request, two or three lines would be enough. Here, this is the handwriting I want copied." He showed Mr. Bell the letter written by the baroness which he had obtained from the colonel.

George Bell looked at the lawyer without taking the letter; his face was perplexed.

The K.C. smiled. "This time you will be working on our side, Mr. Bell. We want to

on. I'm much obliged to you, Mr. Bell." The K.C. walked with his guest to the door.

The lawyer had to wait a little while before a chance came to act; success depended on timing, and to get the timing right a dash of luck was needed.

The hotel detective had informed him that it was the baroness's habit to spend sometimes one day, sometimes two in bed; this she did periodically. To have right timing it was necessary for the baroness's rest cure to coincide with foreign couriers coming to and going away from the embassy. As there was constant communication between the embassy in question and their government overseas, the right moment was fairly certain to come. In fact, it did come about a fortnight after Mr. Bell's visit to the lawyer.

THE K.C.'s plan was then put into execution. It had to be very carefully carried out. As soon as the detective reported the baroness was taking her spell in bed, the K.C. sent for Mr. Bell and got him to add the day of the week to the letter he had prepared. The hotel detective then saw to it that the letter, admirably forged in the baroness's handwriting, which was addressed to the young attaché, was taken to the neutral embassy by a specially selected messenger. The letter asked that any mail that had come for her should be sent round and also if there was a chance of sending her own correspondence out of the country.

When the messenger boy returned the detective intercepted him and took away the package he had brought; he opened the package, removed a note written by the young attaché, and told the boy to take the package up to the baroness's room and give her a verbal message that if she had any letters ready they could be sent.

The baroness gave the boy a bundle of letters, six in all, addressed to friends and relations in the country she had fled from. The hotel detective took the letters at once to the K.C. and he took them to the colonel.

The colonel broke open the envelopes and read the letters through. Most of the time the officer's tired, rather strained expression did not change, but once he gave a gasp.

"Here is one to the same woman that she wrote to in the case of the letter we intercepted," he said. "This good lady is evidently the baroness's intimate friend, which may account for both the letters being written in English; the others are all in her own language. I expect she wrote this one in English as a precaution against any of the domestic staff out there reading it; it is a colourful document."

The K.C. began to read the letter. "She does not leave much to be guessed," he said, as he turned the first page. "No wonder she did not want her correspondence to go through the postal censor's."

"Not that there is anything to censor from a security point of view," the colonel said.

"No, not from a security point of view," the K.C. agreed. "For the love of Mike!" he exclaimed, as he got on to the third page. "Oh, I say, did you read about 'Piggy'?"

"Yes, I read about 'Piggy'," the colonel said.

The K.C. continued reading. Once he put the letter down, slapped his thigh and roared. At length he finished and handed the letter back. "That takes care of everything."

"It certainly does," the colonel agreed. "How are you going to handle it?"

"Me!" the K.C. shook his head. "Oh no; I'm getting out of this; can't the police take it up? She has broken the law by trying to send letters out of the country by a private channel; also the package she received could be obtained; you would be justified in asking the police to raid and search her flat."

"It would not be very advisable," the colonel said. "I mean if a thing can be done tactfully; it is best."

"It is going to be pretty hard to be tactful," the K.C. said.

The colonel took (Continued on page 66)

LET "RANEE" READ YOUR CHARACTER FROM YOUR HANDWRITING

"RANEE" has proved to our satisfaction, by a practical test, that her pseudonym conceals the identity of a woman with an unusual flair for delineating character from handwriting.

The services of "Ranee" are therefore placed at the disposal of the readers of "Britannia and Eve" in the belief that her character reading will be found instructive and entertaining.

All that "Ranee" requires is (1) a specimen of your handwriting, (2) your name and address in full, (3) the day and month of your birth, (4) the colour of your eyes and hair.

Write these down on a piece of paper, address your envelope to: "Ranee," c/o "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1, and enclose an open postal order to the value of One Shilling and stamped, addressed envelope for reply.

In due course, "Ranee" will send a typewritten delineation of your character.

intercept some correspondence which we believe is being useful to the enemy. I will tell you what the position is."

George Bell listened; he was evidently interested. The K.C. took from his drawer several sheets of notepaper bearing the stamped address of the baroness's hotel. "There is your stationery," he said.

Mr. Bell studied the original letter. "An ordinary fountain pen, medium nib," he said. "I can get one of those. What about the ink? This is violet, looks rather an unusual shade; she probably always uses that ink."

"We'll get some; thanks for noticing it," the K.C. said. "Now this is what I want you to write," he scribbled a few sentences on a sheet of paper and passed it across.

Mr. Bell read what was written and looked uneasy. "This could lead to trouble. I don't want another stretch," he said.

"I'll take care of that; even supposing they drop a bomb on me and I'm not there to look after you, you have got a copy of what I asked you to do, written in my own handwriting. They won't be able to argue about that. Incidentally your remuneration will be generous and you will have the personal satisfaction of knowing that your talents have been of use to your country. When can you let me have it?"

"Maybe to-morrow, maybe a couple of days."

"Good; the date I shall want put in afterwards. You'll see the lady just puts Monday, or Tuesday, or whatever day she is writing

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a cigarette from a box on a table. "I suggested you handling it because you must often have had to give people advice in the course of your professional career and this is just a case of convincing somebody what is the right thing to do."

"And that is?"

"I told you when I first asked your help in this matter. I think the baroness will be more comfortable on the other side of the Atlantic."

"You would be prepared to leave the matter at that?" the K.C. said.

"I should; I don't like bonfires; the people that light them often get singed."

"I shall get roasted alive," the K.C. said. "I've persuaded a criminal to forge her handwriting; I've tampered with her correspondence. It is the hell of a mix up, if any one chooses to turn on me."

"They won't," the colonel said. "If they do, you have got protection."

"How?"

"You are officially employed by us. You offered your services in an honorary capacity for consultative or investigating work. I have your name down. That is why I wrote to you."

"Does that get me out?"

"It does. In all branches of intelligence work there is only one rule that everybody goes by, one thing that counts—results."

"All right, if you put it like that." The K.C. got up from his chair.

The colonel walked with him to the door. "Thank you very much for your help. Good luck. Wait, you'll want these," he handed him the bundle of intercepted letters.

"I'd be obliged if I could see you privately," the K.C. said when he got into the room of the public man who was a friend of the baroness.

"Certainly, Sir John," the other said. The name of the famous criminal lawyer was well known to him.

He was a fat little fellow, bald, something over fifty. For a moment his cunning little eyes, set in plump cheeks, had a queer effect on the lawyer.

"This is a personal and rather delicate matter," the K.C. began. "It concerns a lady I believe you know, Baroness—"

"Yes, I know her," the other said in a

conversational tone which did not hide that he was on the defensive.

"She has been sending letters out of the country without passing them through the censor."

"How do you know?"

The K.C. gave an account of everything that had happened. He explained how one of the baroness's letters had come into the hands of the authorities after it had been sent abroad and that in consequence of this he had been asked to make inquiries. He described how the baroness had arranged a regular postal service through an attaché at the neutral embassy.

"You've been snooping," said the public man; his little eyes looked reddish now.

"I suppose you could call it that," the K.C. said. "Actually, I offered my services to the government at the outbreak of war, and they were good enough to put me on their list if I should be needed."

"How?"

"In a consultative and investigating capacity."

"You are officially employed?" the public man asked; his tone was less assured.

"I am, otherwise I could not legally have retained these." He laid the bundle of intercepted letters on the table.

"They have been opened," the public man said, starting to get indignant again.

"Letters leaving this country have to be opened; that is the law."

"Well there is no harm in them, is there? She is a splendid girl. I would stake my life she would not do anything to harm England."

The lawyer could see how deeply the plump, bald-headed little man was infatuated. He tried to remember the word the colonel had used—witchcraft? No—sorcery. Extraordinary! Here was a man of sound common sense, who must have had thirty years' experience of worldly things, who held a big position, completely fooled and fuddled by a pretty face. The K.C. could see it might have been an impossible task to get him to part with the baroness. In fact if she was to be sent to Canada he would probably go himself. He fingered the bundle of letters, detached one and passed it across. "All the others are written in her own language, but you might care to read that," he said.

The fat little man drew back. "I don't

Sorcery

wish to read her private correspondence," he said.

"It is your duty to," the lawyer said.

The other took the letter from the envelope and began to read. The K.C. watched his face. To his surprise he read through the letter without any change of expression; then he quietly folded the document up, put it in the envelope and returned it to the K.C.

"You must do what you think best about her," he said; his voice sounded rather tired; it suggested disillusionment; but neither anger nor pain registered in his face.

"Thank you," the K.C. said. "We shall not need that one." He handed it back.

THE public man waited till he was alone again; then he got up from his desk and looked round the room. A waste paper basket stood about six feet from an open window. He walked over to the basket, tore the letter he had been given into little pieces; then drew back, took a short run and kicked the basket through the window. He then went to his club and had too much to drink.

This was the passage in the letter which had caused all this:

"I call him Piggy because he is short and round and has got the cunningest little eyes set in a podgy white face; he snorts too when he is eating. He is a dreadful nuisance but so useful to a poor refugee."

"Carlos is awfully sweet and understanding about him. The other day when Carlos was here my fool of a maid forgot to put down the latch on the outer door; Piggy was in the hall before I could do anything about it; Carlos took one jump and got into the bathroom; and what do you think he did, turned on the hot water and lay in the bath to keep himself warm! I tell you the dear boy has got brains, and that is not all! He is arranging for this letter to be taken by one of their people who is going back, so I hope it will reach you safely and quickly."

"All love, write soon,

"V."

END

Getting Her to Sea (Continued from page 20)

from his manner of assuming command. Then, dismissed, they go into huddles. "Any one sailed shipmates with the owner before?" Any one who has at once forms the centre of interest of an anxious group. The main question nowadays is: "Will he look for trouble?" Not amongst the crew, but amongst the enemy. Is the new ship likely to earn a desperate name for herself? There are men whose middle name is Caution; there are others whose central name might well be: "To hell with it!" Already this heterogeneous collection of humanity is proud of the ship; will she give them cause to be really proud? The ambition of every right-thinking destroyer man is to have men draw in deep breaths and say: "Ah!" or else cheer, whenever the ship's name crops up in talk or in the news. It is up to the captain to gratify their ambitions.

Meantime, captain and ward-room are getting acquainted. In port the captain normally takes meals with his officers, at sea he maintains a stern aloofness in his own cabin, tended by his own servant; a figure arousing awe. A navy captain, no matter how small his command, must convey an impression of dignified aloofness. He must make his crew believe he is a superman; because at any minute his word might mean the difference between life and death, not to an individual—to all hands.

The captain sizes up his lieutenants; his previous life has been devoted to forming such estimates. How far can they be trusted? Is there likelihood of weakness at a critical moment? How much actual experience have they had? The young watchkeepers seem

hardly to have had a dog-watch at sea; but as they wear the crossed stripes of the R.N.R., they, in all probability, have more actual sea-time than the pukka number one.

Number one is responsible, with the warrant gunner, for all the ship's armament; guns, torpedoes, depth-charges, ammunition. He is also responsible for general discipline and keeping the crew employed; he is the captain's right-hand man. The veteran experience of the warrant gunner will stiffen his youthful naïveté. The navy warrant officers are the Service's backbone; they know how to direct youth whilst at the salute—like Army N.C.O.s. Safe enough to send number one to make inventories of the engines of destruction in his care. The warrant gunner has already picked out his gunner's mate and senior ratings; experts all of them; they get to work automatically.

The navigator—most of his sea work has been dodging about in the Thames estuary in five-ton sailing yachts; but he is as keen as mustard, praise be; and can safely be trusted to keep all Admiralty instructions up to date, and all charts altered according to the countless brochures sent out by the hydrographer's office. He goes to the chart-room and inventories his instruments; from gyro compasses to parallel rules. The confidential books are in his charge, too, in their perforated, weighted box—the "pilot" makes it his job to see these are pitched overboard—to sink instantly—if the ship stands the risk of being captured.

The pilot gets in touch with the leading

signalman, too; and the wireless telegraphist: though this latter has most dealings with the surgeon, oddly enough. Why? By custom the surgeon, not overworked except in action, is coding officer; and all wireless signals are transmitted in code or cipher; thus the doc' gets them all before even the captain sees them.

The chief engineer, in charge of 30,000 horse power, probably started his naval career as a second-class stoker. It has taken twenty years of arduous service to reach his present rank, but what he doesn't know wouldn't choke a canary. In his engine-room and stokehold he is Lord Paramount: one of the many efficient specialists borne by such a ship on her books. He has a staff of watch-keeping E.R.A.s (engine room artificers) as well equipped with engineering lore as himself; together with chief stoker petty officers, stoker petty officers, leading stokers, *et al.* But the leading torpedo man is responsible for the countless electrical contrivances entering into the destroyer's economy. Why this should be is enigmatical, dating probably from the introduction of electricity into the Service.

Daily the chief engineer submits reports as to mileage run, fuel expended, fuel needed; the ship must always have some reserve of potential power in hand. Woe betide the chief if speed has to be reduced at a critical moment! No major operation can be undertaken without a close conference between captain and chief.

"Keep her going and I'll take her where the trouble is!" about sums up the gist of such conferences. (Continued on page 68)

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This the chief faithfully swears to do. He also mentally swears to keep his engines in such a condition that a visiting engineer-captain can see to shave in the bright parts! Most of all does he resolve to effect repairs, in case of trouble.

The chief victualling steward is responsible for edible stores, and the canteen manager for small luxuries. The ward-room has its own staff of servants; and the surgeon has a sick-berth steward under his direct control. The victualling steward sees to the food, and the lower deck's rum—which no commissioned officer may draw—is in charge of the coxswain, under the gunner.

It is a complex company: self-supporting, self-sufficient; apt to be isolated from all humanity for days and weeks at a stretch; and provision must be made for any eventuality; not least of which is the presence aboard of scores of salvaged castaways from torpedoed freighters or prisoners from a sunken U-boat. Even prisoners may not go hungry—though they get no official rum!

The "dog's bodies"—the junior watch-keeping officers—are often allotted definite roles as assistants to pilot or first lieutenant; as much for training as for the actual use they are likely to be. One of them, too—perhaps both—must keep "Asdic watch"—if a U-boat has been detected by the super-human contraptions fitted for that purpose. When not actually at action stations a rating keeps this watch; but when action is sounded a commissioned officer takes over, and accepts the considerable responsibility of taking accurate bearings. There are other secret devices, too, for which a commissioned officer alone can be responsible. There isn't a lot of spare time even for the juniors.

When stores are boarded and hammocks slung—men stow close in destroyers and there are very few spaces unoccupied by the lower deck's sleeping arrangements—the ship has still to swing for compasses and have her guns tested for elevation, depression and arc of fire. The shore party are responsible for this: they embark, and the ship sets out with no more fuss than a ferry boat. Normally the start is made before daylight; in winter it is a shivery task.

She goes to a buoy; and the compass experts swing her—by engines or by a tug—round the compass circle, adjusting the magnets in the standard to compensate for the varying deviations. The circle is made again, with the guns swung differently; the deviation cards are filled in; the behaviour of the standard compass is now guaranteed, and the pilot files the cards for future reference, since these deviations, caused by the magnetism in the ship—outside magnetism causes variation—must be applied to every alteration of course. All this, however, is the pilot's responsibility. The navigating officer of to-day's warship, whatever her size, corresponds to the old-time sailing-master of Nelson's day. He is responsible for taking the ship where the captain directs. "The master sails her, the captain fights her" was the old rule; it persists to-day.

Free of the compass-buoy the destroyer surges out to a safish position seawards, and then the gunnery guarantors get busy; round after round is fired from each and every gun; at extreme angle, plunging fire, and at extreme, depression, to show how the mountings stand up to the strain, and to prove that no fittings or rigging are apt to get in the way of a vital shell and deflect it when it should be hitting a U-boat's conning-tower. Target-firing is not indulged in during the first days of commissioning, that comes later, when the gun-crews have learnt to work together as expert teams.

When gun-trials have been effected, the little ship is ready for departure. Application to the senior naval officer in the port is made for "Permission to proceed," if a senior naval officer is resident there, failing such the destroyer captain informs the nearest responsible senior of his readiness, and from him

obtains instructions as to rendezvous, etc. In peace time, the ship would be given a preliminary canter; to-day, with the enormous strain on all naval resources, she will probably go straight into the war-zone; as escort to convoy, most likely.

With the shore-staff landed, with permission to proceed being granted, with last letters posted, and all farewells said, the ship goes to sea to start her real life. No cheering crowds wave her off on her unknown mission. There is something almost stealthy in her departure. Her code-books are aboard, her ready-for-use ammunition is in the racks, her depth-charge throwers are primed, each torpedo-tube—all twelve or sixteen of them—is filled with a complicated engine capable of tearing the bowels out of the stoutest ship afloat. A meal is cooking in the galley; if the young captain is a wise man, he has timed his departure to coincide with the rum-issue—so that all hands can stand up and drink to a happy, profitable commission—with lots of prize-money and even more glory. Down in the speckless engine-room the warrant engineer stands by; his artificers at the throttles; his stokers watching the oil-jets.

"We'll give her a try-out at full speed," says the captain down the telephone, "as soon as we're clear of the channel." A couple

Getting Her to Sea

of mine-sweepers turn at the end of their beat to signal a clear path to open sea, and wave farewell.

"Exercise action!" says the captain to number one. It is as well to be prepared. This is a high-speed war; and attack might come before the shore-mud is washed from the little ship's decks; as it did when the writer commissioned his first ship in the last war; with a crew almost strangers to one another, with a ship that had run no speed trials and with an untested ward-room, himself a novice, the ship encountered a U-boat within five miles of the commissioning port. And by the time that action was over—successfully—the ship was a ship in being and the crew were a band of doughty brothers.

Maybe the new destroyer's first welcome to seagoing life will be the swift, pouncing dive of a Heinkel, or the creaming rush of a flock of E-boats. But such is only what she is meant for—she's at sea, in full commission; ready for anything; the driven smoke already begriming her brand-new White Ensign aft. It depends a lot on the captain whether she will carry that flag to death or glory.

END

Waste Paper is a Munition of War



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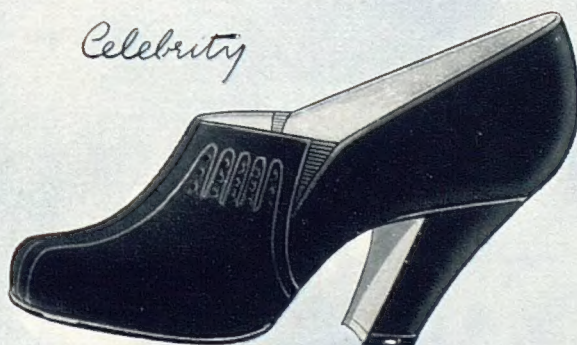
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